

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

MARCH
1926



EDITED BY
LEONARD HUXLEY

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BOOK NOTES FOR MARCH

What's Magic

'ALBEMARLE STREET' would not be 'Albemarle Street' without Mr. Lawrence (who is joint-editor of the *Quarterly Review* and has been Mr. Murray's chief reader for many years), and it is because of the high regard in which we hold him and the 'family' circle we have in the work he does that reference to his new novel *The Old Man's Wife* becomes a little difficult. Here is the story of an old husband and a young wife—a sufficiently commonplace situation and one terminable in a manner any cynic might forecast. What cynics miss, however, is that in the commonplace things of life beauty lies, waiting to be found. It is a beauty Mr. Lawrence has discovered. *The Old Man's Wife* is instinct with it. The story, rich in incident which develops to a grim tangle and ends in an unexpected fashion, is that of an accomplished teller of tales, but the manner of its presentation is that of an artist possessing not only the ability to see beneath the surface, but the power of relation—and that is true artistry. *The Old Man's Wife*, we now, deserves to be widely read—but hardly dare we say so.

Forty Years On

ROBERT BELL MCVITTIE, who for twenty-five years was a specialist in the diseases of children, has written a book which sets out the result of personal travels undertaken in the interests of child education and welfare. It is called *Train up a Child* In it the author examines causes and effects in their relation to childhood, and analyses the results achieved by different systems of training he has observed. That such a book is of timely interest is unquestionable. More and more the results of ignorance and ill-health are being exposed and appreciated; more and more, too, is being borne upon us that the rising generation and its successor may be fated to decide the future of the British Empire: whether it shall continue to be a commonwealth of nations or break in pieces under the influence, if not the force, of communism. Because of this, the responsibility of parenthood is greater to-day. The present is full of doubt, but the same present may still be used to control the future. Train the children! Only they can meet the needs of forty years hence. The call to-day is for brighter, healthier, more rational boys and girls—and it is of the training

BOOK NOTES FOR MARCH

of such that Mr. McVittie writes. His proposals are well-supported and will commend themselves to those who look upon such matters with becoming gravity.

Sun and Sand

WHEN he crossed the Sahara desert from Kano in Nigeria to Touggert in Algeria, Captain Angus Buchanan accomplished a remarkable feat of endurance, but his book *Sahara* tells one very little about the detail of the 405 days' journey. Instead, it is filled with a series of pen-pictures and alluring stories of desert life, and what might have been an ordinary diary of travel has become a book of the greatest possible interest, for what do we know of the desert, and what does not this book reveal? The Bilma Salt Caravan stretches its seven-miles length over the oceans of sand for us; half-buried bones inspire a reconstructed history of feud and savage vengeance; Fachi, impregnable city built wholly and only of salt, frowns gloomily; the 'People of the Veil,' Toureg descendants of the warlike Berbers, ride haughtily. We pass into a new world—a strange, forsaken one whose sand and sun combine to annihilate flora and fauna alike and reduce the remnants of a once numerous people to poverty and degeneracy, whose oases are failing, whose silence is oppressive but whose widening shores and shifting dunes hold fascination and romance. Truly *Sahara* is a book to be read at a sitting and afterwards enjoyed at frequent intervals, and it is one over whose format great trouble has been taken. The 84 photographs which are reproduced and the ornamental line drawings used as chapter headings form a splendid pictorial record of the desert. Add a decorative cover and 320 pages printed on paper of unusual quality and the result is a volume as satisfactory to handle as pleasing to read.

Playing the Mark ts

Nor yet has it been decided whether 'Playing the Markets' as indulged in on the other side of the Atlantic, falls into the category of a sport or a pastime. Whatever of that, it is a popular occupation here as there, and many of the keenest intellects are busily engaged in attempting to forecast the movements of stock- and share-prices—and in forecasting to profitable ends. Sometimes they are successful, although it has been estimated

RECORD NOTES FOR MARCH

an authority that no less than 85 per cent. of investors (and term includes speculators) lose money over a period of years. The trouble seems to be that investing is not taken with becoming seriousness. Too many people are content with superficial knowledge where superficial knowledge is misleading, and—more extraordinary—where sound knowledge is not difficult to obtain and where sound knowledge can be utilised to great advantage—there are few poor stockbrokers! In his new book, *Investments for All*, Mr. G. H. Le Maistre has written a splendid guide to the importance, selection, and management of investments. No section of the business from initial saving to the accumulating of balanced judgments but is treated simply and clarified so that the reader comes to wonder how he can have regarded so obvious and so weighty factors. The book teaches how the risks of 'playing the markets' may be avoided, and steady appreciation of capital be secured by whoever will take the trouble to study what it has to say. Surely this is very small trouble compared with the benefits to follow?

History

LITERARY event of importance is the publication—after a long delay due to the strike, now settled—of the second series *The Letters of Queen Victoria*, by authority of His Majesty the King. Edited by George Earle Buckle, the two volumes cover the period 1862–1878, and contain correspondence and extracts from the Queen's private journal, now printed for the first time. The period covered is of exceptional interest and importance; it includes the war between Prussia and Austria, the Franco-German War, the American Civil War, the Alabama question, and the war between Turkey and Russia. Domestic politics, including the assumption of the title of Empress of India, and social affairs are fully dealt with. It is a work revealing the personality of a very great Lady, her life and times, and the inner history of this country, with the formation of which she was intimately concerned.

Background

DR. GORE has contributed a prefatory note to *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, by R. H. Tawney. The book consists of the revised and enlarged Holland Memorial Lectures which the author delivered. In his note Dr. Gore explains the work

BOOK NOTES FOR MARCH 1901

thus: 'I have been called upon as Chairman of the Holland Trustees to introduce our first series of lectures to the public. They are an historical study of the Religion of the Reformation in its bearing on Social and Economic Thought. We have been for many years feeling our want of such a study, sufficiently documented and grounded upon a sufficiently thorough knowledge of the literature of the period, as we have watched the modern battle between zealous mediævalists impugning the Reformation as deeply responsible for the sins of modern industrialism, and not less zealous Protestants rebutting the charge or throwing it back. At last, I believe, we have got what we wanted, and that very many besides myself will find in the book a permanent source of enlightenment and a just and well-grounded judgment.' The same beliefs are held by others who have read this almost unique contribution to literature which, discussing the social organisation from pre-Reformation days, probes the Lutheran and Calvinistic effects, the establishment of the Church of England, the Puritan movement, and analyses religious theories in their effect on social policy and the growth of individualism.

A Pamphlet

LIKE the classics, the publication of the Prime Minister's Presidential speech to the Classical Association needs no defence, for the abbreviated version published by the Press aroused a desire to know more in the hearts of a considerable number of people. Mr. Baldwin is an original member of the Association, and in speaking for those who love—but not necessarily comprehend—the classics he struck a note which is much more popular than is usually imagined. The speech has been published as a pamphlet at sixpence net, with the title, *The Classics and the Plain Man*.

Industry

ONE of the most amazing things about the late Arthur Christopher Benson was his industry. He did a tremendous amount of work—a fact which is being appreciated more and more since his death and the consequent settling of his affairs. His executors have found literally hundreds of manuscripts in his characteristic

ARCHBOOK NOTES FOR MARCH

the Hollands style, and out of these have been carefully selected forty discussions on men and affairs for publication in a volume entitled *Essays and Reflections*. The volume, recently published, was first mooted a little time before Dr. Benson's death, when a parcel of essays was sent to Mr. Murray for selection, but final selection was not made for some time. The author's qualities are well displayed in a work which his many readers will appreciate.

Novels

Of the novels published in February, in addition to *The Old Man's Wife*, previously mentioned, *Hilda Ware*, by L. Allen Barker, and *Human Clay*, by Sinclair Murray, are of particular interest. The former is the latest story from the pen of one who has written many appealing books, and who was born and reared in an atmosphere essentially literary. Her father was in business with Sidney Dobell, Professor Blackie and Gerald Massey were frequent guests, and John Ruskin spoiled her delightfully. Mrs. Barker has not written a better book than *Hilda Ware*, though its theme is widely different from what one would imagine. The interest in *Human Clay* lies in the question whether or not it will develop the reputation suggested by Sinclair Murray's first novel, *John Frensham, K.C.*—and the verdict must be the readers' verdict. The Preface to *John Frensham, K.C.*, was a first novel of unusual force and considerable popularity.

Popular Appeal

HEAPER Editions of the following novels are now available at three shillings and sixpence net each: *Quinney's Adventures*, by Horace A. Vachell, in which the ever-memorable Joe Quinney passes through a series of amazing adventures; *Bracken Thistledown*, Robert W. Mackenna's gracious book of Scottish island life; and *Black Oxen*, that scintillating fantasy of youth and age written by Gertrude Atherton. Additions to Mr. Murray's net Novels—a series in which literary quality is the dominant feature—are *Ovington's Bank*, by Stanley Weyman, *Allegra*, by L. Allen Barker, and *John Verney*, by Horace A. Vachell.

BOOK NOTES FOR MARCH

Analysis of Delight

OF all art-forms, perhaps music is least understood. A host of people believe that they know what they like—and are indifferent to their liking being decadent—but why they like pretty-pretty melodies or 'something that goes with a swing' they are unable to say. Among a few musicians who are trying to develop the public taste is J. A. Fuller-Maitland, whose *Musician's Pilgrimage* will be remembered. He has now written a counterpart to that book entitled *The Spell of Music*, just out. The new volume deals with the development of the appreciative faculties, where the old one dealt with the interpretative, and has been written entirely for the benefit of the listener. Directed towards the assistance of enjoyment, the book should be read. A glance at the Contents page is sufficient to awaken a desire to read such chapter-headings as 'The Charm of Melody,' 'The Joy of Harmony,' 'The Magic of Song' and others in similar vein and seductive in their promise of rare æsthetic pleasure, not only to be derived from the mere reading, but to be continued in crescendo as the secrets of the book are revealed and its teachings applied.

Announcements for April

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for April will contain, among other contributions, further instalments of *The Way of the Panther* by Denny C. Stokes, and of *Who Rideth Alone*, by P. C. Wren.

A Blessingtonian Idyll, by John Kendal, makes merry over romance in verse describing the Society progress of an Early Nineteenth Century debutante by Lady Blessington, famous in the fashionable literary circles of that day.

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NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications to the Editor should be addressed to the care of JOHN MURRAY, 50A Albemarle Street, W. 1.

All Contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned when accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope; but the Editor cannot hold himself responsible for any accidental loss. MSS. cannot be delivered on personal application. Articles of a political nature are not accepted. Every Contribution should be typewritten on one side of each leaf only, and should bear the Name and Address of the Sender; a preliminary letter is not desired.



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THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1926.

THE WAY OF THE PANTHER.

BY DENNY C. STOKES.

X.

'ARWU-NA, arwu-na-ahah.' A ragged, breathless police peon staggered over the bridge at the east end of Baheteglur's main street. He rolled exhausted against the ramshackle toll-house as he gurgled his warning. It was after midnight. The moon was high and the sky clear. He had come from Unti, he was spent, his breath rattled in his parched throat. Making a brave effort the peon started to crawl towards the well. He dragged himself hand over hand, clutching at the loose earth and tufted grass tussocks. He did not see an old native squatting in the shadow of the toll-house within a yard of where he had fallen, nor did he see four other men until they had sprung from the veranda of the post office.

They leaped on him. He tried to fight, but he had no strength. The old native heard a pathetic choking cough. That was all. The four men disappeared into the bazaar, leaving the peon near the well. The old native could see his whole body twitching in the moonlight. It twitched for several minutes and then became still. His upturned face was lit by the moon; red stained the corners of the mouth, red, like the dribbled juice of chewed betel and areca, but it was not the stain of chew. The limbs were stiff. The hands clutched torn fragments of cloth. The peon had fought with what strength he had possessed. The solitary watcher had longed to jump to his assistance, but he did not. He sat still and waited.

He had not long to wait before a yelling crowd streamed across the bridge. He saw the play of torchlight on drunken faces and in fanatical eyes. Cutties were being brandished, and here and there a long brown arm waved a carbine looted from some wrecked

police post. A dusty foot kicked the watching beggar's bowl across the street, a reeking dhoti brushed his face, but he remained still hidden in shadow, watching the clamorous throng flood over the bridge. Sometimes the fitful light of a guttering torch fell upon his face for a moment. When this happened, he bowed his head and waited before he raised it, until the light had shifted on.

There was something hideous in the passing sea of sweat-washed faces. The torchlight seemed only to light the faces, the jostling forms were hidden, unlighted. A haze of dust obscured the trampling feet; it was only a mass of mouthing faces that poured over the bridge. The old native shuddered.

From the direction of the club three horsemen galloped into the crowd. Two of them carried torches. The one between them reined in his plunging pony. His two eagle eyes were flashing right and left from a small sharp face. Like an angry hum of swarming bees the cry went up:

'Sar Bhar, Sar Bhar, Sar Bhar!' The crowd pressed in upon the mounted native. His pony lashed out with its heels, an agonised shriek rent the air and a ryot spun back into the crowd. No one noticed that he had been killed. The throng seethed round Sar Bhar, calling his name and carrying the corpse upright in its midst.

Sar Bhar raised his hand. The hysterical yells were hushed.

'Children, I have come, you have come—there is much to do. Those who have carbines let them give them to my men, who will attack the Treasury. The rest go to the shuttered stores and to the houses of the sowcars. Take and burn, take and burn, from the merchants and the money-lenders. You will not rob, it is yours, take and burn.'

Once again the frenzied yells broke out round Sar Bhar. From the alleys adjacent to the bridge men swarmed into the crowd and snatched the carbines from those of the ryots who possessed them. Sar Bhar turned his pony and called to them to follow him, and as they melted again into the alleys a cartman urged his bulls towards the bridge. The clumsy creaking wheels crushed many a foot as the cart lurched over the road.

'Whose cart?' someone shouted to the cartman. He turned livid, shook where he sat between his bulls, and then leaped clear into the crowd as it flooded round the cart.

Heavy cutties slashed away the bamboo hood. Eager hands

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dragged the ripped covering to the ground, leaving the one occupant blinking into the guttering light of torches. It was an old man, an old bearded man.

'It is Bhurni Haji, the money-lender. Crush the spider.'

A dozen hands jerked Bhurni from the cart on to the road, and a hundred feet stamped the life out of the Mohammedan before he could cry out.

'One spider is crushed. He will suck no more blood,' the shout eddied up and down the street.

'The others, the others—yha-yhai!' As the old man in the shadow of the toll-house pushed his way into the crowd, the first shutters of a store were splintered open and the first torch laid to the thatch of a roof. The orgy of looting had begun. And the merchants and Chettys of Baheteglur shivered in their houses as they heard the rabble drifting from one house to another, yelling, hacking, robbing, beating and killing, in a drunken frenzy of greed and lust. Rhat Bahamee, the postmaster, led the riot, while Sar Bhar spread his men in cover round the club-house where the planters crouched alert by every door and window. The raucous shouting increased in force and spread up and down the street and into the narrow alleys between the squat houses wherever the crowd flooded, intent on looting, mad to rob, mad to kill, with or without reason. There was no reason, there was only delirium, savage and befuddled delirium.

The old ragged beggar breathed more freely when he had left the crowd. He paused in the cool of a deserted alley. Behind him was the noise of the riot; before him, silence. He started to run. He ran rapidly, and had there been anyone to see they would have wondered at the agility displayed by the beggar who had sat bent and craving alms near the bridge. He continued to run until he reached the head of the alley. There he stopped and peered cautiously round into one of the lesser streets of the bazaar. It was dark and deserted. Every door was bolted. Every window shuttered, no lights pricked through the clumsy shutters. There were shadows, dancing shadows on the street, cut into fantastic shapes by the moon. A clump of stiff grass rustled against the wall opposite to where the beggar stood. From the distance came the howling of the mob; all else was silent, wrapped, where the moon was not, in the blue mist of night. He could hear the splintering of wood away in the main street and the fierce crackle of flames. The unmistakable smell of fire hung heavy in the air.

The beggar mopped the sweat from his face. He was hot and breathing hard. He tugged at his beard; it came away in his hand. He threw it away over the wall under which he stood and said 'Damn!' For a minute he remained where he was, leaning against the wall. He was thinking, wondering what to do, uncertain what there was to do. How could he prevent the club-house being rushed? How could he save the planters, if not from annihilation, at least from the hazards of a desperate fight? Sar Bhar would attack methodically with his armed men, many of whom were ex-police peons and good shots. If they failed to subdue the planters Sar Bhar would stir up the mob of ryots and Gowdas and send them swarming into the spitting rifles while he and his men sacked the Treasury, free from the fire of the planters' rifles.

The old native, now beardless, laughed softly to himself. 'I wonder,' he murmured, 'what Higgins is doing, and Mrs. Binway—and Marjorie. My God, Marjorie, poor little girl, she must be frightened!' The laughter left the native's two dark eyes; they were Shendaw's eyes; the native, ragged and dust-covered, was Shendaw.

'Marjorie,' he muttered again. 'Marjorie. I wonder if that ass Binway will have the sense to shoot her if the mob breaks in. Turner won't—no, no, but Tibberd would. Yes, Tibberd; but—'

He broke off, wound his pugaree tighter about his head, and then keeping close to the wall slid along it into the street. He was still in shadow, in the shadow of a banyan tree that overhung the wall. He had turned to the left. Every step brought him nearer to the main street and the hubbub. He could see the glow of flames staining the night. Wisps of smoke drifted across the house-tops, wreathing through the plastic leaves of palms. Straight ahead Shendaw could see the dim mass of the club-house standing alone in the centre of the compound. Flame-light was scudding across the walls. He thought he saw a face appear at one of the windows, but he was not sure. At the end of the street something moved. Shendaw stopped and strained to see what had attracted him. Then he saw. Some of Sar Bhar's men were crouching behind a bank. Their backs were towards him; there were ten or a dozen of them, and as he watched one of them straightened up and fired at the club-house. Two shots cracked out from the window in answer; one of the bullets whined up the street and struck a palm with a dull thud. The second sprayed up the dust not a yard away from Shendaw's feet.

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'The devil!' he muttered. 'High shooting. I bet it's not Tibberd.'

He did not wait to see if any more shots would be fired. He leaped across the road into an open doorway and there stopped, to find himself in a small courtyard with thick creepers on the walls, hanging over several black square doors that opened from the surrounding rooms. It was a Mohammedan's house, deserted. The occupant had apparently fled. A few blankets lay on the ground, two overturned gourds had rolled to the centre of the yard, and in the doorway nearest to him Shendaw saw a pile of clothing blocking the entrance. He moved to the heap and touched it. He lifted up a linen cloak and drew back quickly. A dead, cold face stared up at him—some stray band of looters had started their cowardly work before the main outbreak had occurred. Beyond the dead native lay another body in the blackness of the room. It looked like a woman, but Shendaw did not enter to see. 'Kill, kill, kill!' he muttered; 'the devil, the very devil.'

Quickly he traversed the courtyard and scrambled up the wall. He lay still when he reached the top, listened, and then dropped down into another alley. He ran, first turning to the right and then to the left. He found himself alongside another high wall, which he recognised to be that of the shabby Hindu shrine temple of Baheteglur. It was what he had been looking for. Shendaw doubled his pace until he came near to where he thought the gates would be. He eased his pace, and as he did so tripped and fell heavily over some soft and bulky object. At that moment he heard the roar of three muzzle-loaders and the staccato rap-rap of answering rifles, and then dead silence came again, except for the incessant howling of the mob amuck in the main street.

Shendaw bent down to see over what he had fallen.

'Child, be merciful, I am hurt—be merciful!'

Shendaw started. He knew the voice. It was that of the priest Depelier.

'You, Depelier?'

'And you, who are you?' asked the weak voice from the ground.

'Staines, Shendaw Staines.'

'Ah, you good friend, Mister Staines. You have escaped. Have they attacked the club? I was trying to reach there when I was struck down by someone. My head is cut and my ankle injured and I am faint.'

'All right, don't talk, keep quiet.' Shendaw lifted the French-

man on to his shoulders and continued along the alley. A dozen yards brought them to the grille gates of the shrine wall. They were open. Shendaw stumbled through them, and kneeling down, allowed the priest to slither into a soft clump of grass. He turned Depelier on his back.

'Now lie there until I can fetch you. I am going to set this shrine on fire, but you will be safe. Keep quiet, I can't explain now.'

'I can only thank you, Mis-ter Staines,' said Depelier in a weak voice.

But Shendaw did not hear. He was already moving towards the shrine, picking his way through the trunks of some casuarinas. When he arrived opposite the entrance he stopped and listened. There was no sound. The purohiths had deserted their posts; not one remained to chant through the night hours, and there was no sound of bare feet padding round the shrine; the purohiths' priestly hearts had melted, and they had taken to their heels at the threat of danger.

Again came the crack of a rifle from the club-house and again the bark of a muzzle-loader. One bound and Shendaw had jumped the path and entered the shadow of the low arched door. Three forms rose, shrieking, in the dark. They were nautch girls. They fled past him into the garden, shrieking with terror as they went.

Shendaw laughed as he started on his work. 'I wonder,' he said to himself, 'if they will find Depelier, and I wonder if he will try and convert them.' He laughed again.

He moved quickly. He heaped a pile of blankets, that he found in a corner, in the doorway under the arch; and then emptied the many small bowls of ghi that were standing as offering before the shrine. Going outside Shendaw tore up some dry feather grass and heaped it on to the pile. Three times he went for grass and returned loaded with a sweet-smelling bundle. Feeling his way to the left of the shrine he entered an inner room and found a lamp burning in a wall niche. He took it, shook it into greater life, and then threw it on to the pile.

Flames hissed up at once and licked over the walls and about the crudely carved beams. 'Now for the result,' he mumbled.

Turning, Shendaw ran out and along the path and on out through gates and down the alley in which he had found Depelier. On reaching the Mohammedan's house he scaled the wall, dropped into the courtyard and thence ran into the street. He turned down towards the club-house. Someone saw him. They fired. The bullet struck the wall on his right, and the next instant he

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had flung himself down behind the earth bank among Sar Bhar's men.

They were surprised. He peered at them and saw that they were Hindus.

'See,' he shouted, pointing to the flare that marked the position of the shrine. 'See, the Moslem dogs have done that—why risk the rifles of the sahibs—burn the mosque—burn the Moslem dogs!'

One of the men stared hard into Shendaw's face. His breath reeked of arrack; his eyes were bloodshot. He looked away at the silent club-house, then at his companions, and then back at the burning shrine.

'We are fools,' he shouted. 'Come, burn the mosque; burn, burn, burn!'

He was on his feet, waving a carbine above his head.

'Burn, burn, burn!'

The cry spread along the earthen bank, it echoed in the shadows before the Treasury building and found new force where a score of Tamils lay hidden by the roadside west of the club; and in the garden of Bhurni's house it was shouted by fifty eager men.

Shadowy forms rose on all sides and rushed towards the mosque. The cry passed from mouth to mouth in the byways of the bazaar where the looting mob was amuck. The crowd turned and seethed down the main street, leaving empty and half-ruined stalls behind them, leaving stiff twisted corpses buried in the débris of the bazaar. Hindu and Mohammedan ran shoulder to shoulder, the Hindus intent on destroying the mosque to avenge their shrine, the Mohammedans intent on defending their place of worship. But as they ran together neither sect thought of starting the affray before they had reached the open space in front of the low-domed building. Shendaw smiled as he saw the scurrying figures pouring from the bazaar, and from a score of shadowed hiding-places round the club. Everywhere there were groups of eager men rushing to the mosque through the blue haze of night, and the air was filled with hoarse yells and imprecations.

The sudden convulsive movement that had broken out set the planters firing rapidly from the club windows. The long wait had proved a nervous strain. At last had come the attack. Here and there a native spun in his tracks and crumpled to the ground, and it was not before two volleys had been fired that Tibberd's powerful voice ordered the firing to cease.

'They are running away, not rushing us,' he yelled.

Shendaw heard Tibberd shouting; he ducked as the bullets

hummed over the bank in the shelter of which he lay. He watched the crowds assemble before the mosque, the Mohammedans with their backs to the gates, the Hindus crowded round, in a threatening circle. The sons of Moslem merchants were standing thigh to thigh with cartmen and vagrants who had an hour before been looting their fathers' shops. Young Chettys ranged themselves by the side of ryots and Gowdas who had come straight from emptying the Chettys' money chests in the bazaar. Once again, with suddenness, the age-old feud had broken out; Hindus faced Moslems, eager to kill and destroy.

Between the hesitating rival mobs a figure appeared calling for peace. It was Rao Chandra, the Deputy's secretary. A shower of stones whistled through the air and the mob closed in a wild, vicious, bloody fracas.

It was then that Shendaw heard in the distance, coming from the high road beyond the bridge, a guttural coughing sound. It came again much nearer; and he knew it was the stutter of a Lewis gun. Three low grey shapes slid across the bridge and down the main street. One turned full into the hacking, yelling mob.

Terrified cries greeted the appearance of the monstrous apparition, and in a moment the howling throng of natives fled into the alleys and fields, leaving the grey squat toad hissing before the mosque gate. A second of the monsters turned off the road and came to rest by the club-house door, with its ugly lean guns covering the entrance of the Treasury; the third swung round and slid slowly up and down the main street. A sudden uncanny silence came in place of the frenzied din that had a few moments before made the night hideous; and the pale yellow lights of dawn swept over the neighbouring jungle hills and breathed peace upon the turmoil of Baheteglur, while the grey turrets of the armoured cars swung this way and that, coughing out a spiteful stutter from their guns; harmless spurts of exploding blank that filled wild hearts with terror and rid the same wild hearts of the madness that had filled them in the night.

Along the eastern highway from Baheteglur three men rode hard for the shelter of the jungle. The leader was Sar Bhar, crouching low upon the neck of his pony and flogging at its foam-washed flanks.

Shendaw rose from his hiding-place and walked slowly towards the club-house, where already most of the planters had come out on to the veranda to smoke.

Tibberd and two others were bending over a stiff body lying half in and half out of a patch of burnt grass. With them were

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three of the crew of the armoured car that stood near by with its ventilators wide open and its crew lounging against its grey side.

As Shendaw approached the group a corporal looked up and eyed the ragged native with displeasure.

'Well, mangy bones, what the 'ell do you want?'

Shendaw smiled and said, 'I want breakfast, corporal, and a bath.'

'S'truth!' The corporal gaped and stepped back a pace in surprise.

'You, Shendaw, you! I thought you had been lost.' Tibberd jumped forward and gripped his hand.

'You see,' he said, pointing at the body, 'the little man is dead.'

'Who?'

'Little Higgins. Plucky fellow.'

'Little Higgins?' murmured Shendaw as he bent over the fat, round body. 'Little Higgins.'

Six of them carried Higgins into the club, and a few minutes after the butler and two of his boys brought breakfast on to the veranda. The officer and men of the armoured car joined the planters at the meal.

Before it was over the Deputy Commissioner was seen picking his way towards them from the Treasury building. His clothing was crumpled and torn and his delicate face was pale.

'Good morning, gentlemen. A disturbed night, I fear. But it is over—the storm has passed; we can play bridge to-night.'

And then turning to the officer he said:

'Sir, I must ask your help. The sergeant in control of the car in the bazaar has brought his engine to rest near the well. He and his men are gallant soldiers, but I fear the chivalry they are displaying is causing trouble to the hereditary sensitiveness of caste. They insist upon drawing water for the women who are already coming to the well. Theoretically, they are contaminating the bazaar. I have remonstrated with the sergeant, but he directed me somewhat brusquely to the infernal regions, and intimated that he hoped my journey there would be sanguinary and rapid. He refers to the women as "neat urns," "peaches," and "snappy little birds." Perhaps, sir, you would put matters right.'

A roar of laughter greeted the Deputy's story, as the officer got up to send one of his men to recall the sergeant from the well.

'Where have you been, Deputy?' asked Turner.

'I have done nothing of which I am proud. I may have proved that there is something in the Darwinian theory, for I took to a

tree when the mob started to enter the bazaar. It so happened that I found a loyal but terror-stricken police peon already among its branches, and with a heavy bribe I persuaded him to go across country to the village of Bapore. Apparently he found the telegraph working there, hence the arrival of the armoured cars. I have, I believe, Mr. Staines, to thank you for diverting the attention of the mob. Once you were under the tree in which I was hiding. Your evil appearance filled me with qualms.'

'Yes, dear Mr. Staines,' piped Mrs. Binway, 'you do look terrible, almost like a nigger—urgh! so funny. Do wash yourself and put some clothes on.'

'I will,' agreed Shendaw. 'To tell you the truth I had forgotten my condition, but first let me ask someone to send a litter to bring in Depelier. He is lying in the grounds of the shrine.'

'Ah, that is all right,' said the Deputy. 'He is already in my office. He is sleeping and quite safe, and will later come to the club. I have not told you of Rao Chandra—a brave man was my secretary; he also has been brought in.' The Deputy shivered.

'Yes, he was brave. His efforts to quiet the mob proved fruitless. He was destroyed himself. He has been brought in—that is to say, I am told that that which is now reposing in the Treasury is Rao Chandra. But it is very difficult to be certain, very difficult.' The Deputy shivered again, and Mrs. Binway overturned her tea.

XI.

SHENDAW, rid of his disguise and fresh from a bath, appeared on the veranda of the club-house and looked towards the houses of Baheteglur. Red dust was rising up between the listless palms, the bazaar was about its usual business, purged of the delirium that had only a few hours before raged in the black alleys and narrow streets. Carts were rumbling up the main street, cleaving the flow of humanity with the threatening lurch of their clumsy wheels. The stalls were open and money was being received. The curses of cartmen met the imprecations of hurrying pedestrians, and many hundred shifting feet stirred the garbage of the road. Sweepers were clearing up the débris, and storekeepers were again dozing behind their wares in the shade of walls that bore the marks of stones that had hissed through the air when on the previous night flames licked the thatch of roofs and consumed piled and splintered shutters.

Near the stone bridge a few ruined shops were still smoking. Idlers had forsaken the hazards of looting and were peaceably turning over the heaps of blackened bricks while sleepy-eyed police looked on. Pariah dogs that had fled to the fields while bullets whistled in the air were once again foraging in the open drains. Baheteglur was normal—the riot was forgotten.

And as Shendaw watched the come and go of the crowded main street, he saw the last armoured car slip over the bridge and leave the bazaar. It sped rapidly across the fields over the yellow road. It passed close to a thick column of smoke that rose from a timber pyre where the dead were being burnt—the dead that had been gathered from the streets soon after dawn had stained with yellow the deeper blue of night; they were twisted corpses, blackened and scorched by fire; sorry remains of those who had fallen in the rough and tumble of the riot, gashed by knives, torn with stones, and broken by vicious hissing bullets. And as the thick finger of smoke trembled up from the pyre it seemed that it carried away the turbulent spirits that had transformed the usual serenity of Baheteglur into a brutal and vicious orgy.

Ryots and Gowdas were streaming away to the field villages to regain their ploughs and forsaken women. They had risen eagerly and savagely to secure, as they thought, peace, but had blundered blindly into a mad and bloody affray. And only when the sight of dead, of falling walls and leaping flames, brought some measure of sanity to their arrack-sodden senses, had they realised the sickening consequences of their excesses—and then had come dawn to cleanse the bazaar and bring sanity in the place of the delirium that had endured for a little more than two days.

Before the morning heat had begun to beat down in its full strength Higgins was buried in the small Christian cemetery. And soon after the short ceremony the first of the planters left for their bungalows in the surrounding hills. Every man of them came to Shendaw and thanked him for contributing a diversion that had saved them the hazards of a desperate encounter with heavy odds. One of the last to thank Shendaw was the priest Depelier. He limped out of the club on two sticks.

'Mis-ter Staines, let me thank you again for picking me out of the bazaar. I shall never forget.'

'Just luck that I blundered over you,' answered Shendaw.

'Luck, as you call it, yes. But you could so easily have blundered on and left me. I thank you again. I now go to preach

once more in the bazaars a lesson of peace, unity, and tolerance.' The priest smiled and stroked his black beard.

'You mean,' laughed Shendaw, 'you go to preach war, desertion, and intolerance.'

'Well—ah, yes, Mis-ter Staines, war against false creeds and intolerance of what you call—hum-bug, I think.'

'We have never agreed upon that, Depelier, but come to Hiboor one day and again we will argue about the subject and tell each other home truths. And tell me, Depelier, were you pleased to see the armoured cars—the arrogant brutal forces of—force? Were you pained to see the sword bring peace?'

Shendaw's eyes were twinkling as he asked the question.

'I will admit I felt secure. I do regard the pen and pulpit as stronger than the sword. But let me admit also that there are some who cannot read and some who are deaf—for them there is only the sword—that they understand. Good-bye, Mis-ter Staines.'

'Good-bye.'

Shendaw turned to meet Turner coming out of the house.

'Well, my boy, we are going. You must excuse me if I only say good-bye. There is a great deal I want to say, but—well, I can't say any more without making a fool of myself.'

The two men shook hands. Shendaw next shook Marjorie's hand. He hardly felt its touch—he did not feel Mrs. Binway patting him on the shoulder. Vaguely he realised that they were clambering into a car that was drawn up before the club. He heard the engine purr into life and then he saw hands waving to him—and they were gone.

'She has gone,' he murmured. 'Gone—hell.'

'Yes, and so has that hen Mrs. Binway with her fatuous son.'

It was Tibberd's voice rumbling in his ears.

'Sit down,' the planter continued, 'and be ready to start back to the Kappu—the sooner we get back the better.'

'Do you think there will be trouble there?' Shendaw's voice was eager. His eyes contracted.

'There is trouble there; Edwards, you remember, and as you know when the bazaar empties the villages fill. If the bazaar is rid of its budmashes, the scoundrels scatter in every direction, like sparks flying up from a beaten fire. However, we shall see.'

Half an hour later Tibberd, with Shendaw by his side, drove out of Baheteglur and thence across the grasslands into the Mhatu jungle. Soon after midday they had passed through

Hallebile, and by evening they were descending Hisson's ridge into the Kappu.

'Looks quiet enough,' commented Shendaw as they sped through the first slumbering fields of shaded coffee.

'It always does,' mumbled his companion. 'It always does.'

They were silent until Tibberd pulled up before the Hiboor bungalow.

'Come over and see me next week, Staines. We are the only people left now. We'll have a concert. I am afraid Melba is a bit scratched and Caruso chipped, and my bearer trod on Mac-Cormack a month ago, but I believe the Gresham Singers are still in form. Though, if I know anything about it, the gramophone will have met with an accident—but come over.'

The car moved away down the hill, and Shendaw was left alone to watch the sun drop and leave the first blue filmy veils of night creeping between the trees, until the Kappu lay silent under the cold glitter of the stars. The contrast, Baheteglur—the Kappu; it was extraordinary. The one full of hideous noise and sudden deeds, the other asleep—silent, except for the melodious croon of Sunu's voice that soothed the night hours into greater calm and which seemed to appease the restless spirit that stirred deep in Shendaw's heart.

She had watched him sitting in his chair while she watered the garden plants before going to her quarters. He had watched her through the veranda rail. He had watched her moving among the plants, her blue sari had not hidden the delicate mould of her girlish form; she had appeared very graceful and small with the orange lights of sunset playing in her black coiled hair. She had sung a song Shendaw had *often* heard before, when the green lizards chuck-a-pucked upon the walls, when the air was cooled by winds sighing out from Hulimanni to set the casuarinas shivering and the jungle leaves whispering over the silent Kappu. Shendaw slept.

And while he slept Sunu came from behind the bungalow and looked at him and then ran back, to sink down on a pile of goat-hair blankets and there whimper through the night, asking Khaloami to weave her spell and stir the sahib's heart.

Some five days later Shendaw left a road gang on the southern boundary of Hiboor and started at a leisurely pace for the bungalow. The day had been hot, and since early morning he had been among the coolies. He was tired. The five days since his return

from Baheteglur had passed without incident. No rumour, no whispered threat of the whereabouts of Sar Bhar had come up from Konpa, no Gowda had spoken of the man; he had not been seen in the grass villages of the Kappu. And, for this reason, Shendaw would have been at ease had he not seen Sar Bhar. One evening he had arrived at his bungalow to find a ragged vagrant waiting for him. The man offered jasmine blooms for sale, and asked if the sahib would wish to see a cobra dance. Shendaw had endured the cruel performance, and when finally the starved snake lay packed in its basket the pedlar rose and went his way. Shendaw followed with grim intent. He had recognised the lean, pinched face of Sar Bhar. The same face he had seen by the bridge in Baheteglur, the same eyes that had glinted at the crowd of simple natives as they streamed over the bridge. Shendaw searched, unaccompanied by Nunu, through the night, but lost Sar Bhar, and thus failed to rid the placid Kappu of the agitator.

And as he walked through the cool of evening to his bungalow he wondered when again he would see the broker in mischief, when Konpa or the valley itself would be disturbed by the plans of the man Sar Bhar. The crops were heavy in the Kappu; it was the green year which afterwards became famous for its affluence, and is duly recorded in some cool office in Mysore City. All along the valley-bed millet and paddy shimmered their golden blades in the orange-pink flush of sundown. Gowdas were joyous; Shendaw could hear their voices chanting peculiar refrains as they left their fields for villages clustered on the jungle edge. Drums were beating a rhythmic throb of praise from many a watchman's stilted hut above the waving crops. The valley lay asleep, cloaked in the wealth of its heavy growth. It was serene, rich beyond measure. Every fertile acre shone yellow under thick seed-crowded blades, and up under the shade trees coffee wood bowed, weighted by clusters of swelling berry—it was the green year, so called by the Gowdas, and so remembered to this day.

Shendaw turned by the store-shed that stood at the end of the drying ground and continued towards the bungalow. He stopped to watch a spotted spider cross the road bearing in its jaws a silver moth. The spider skirted a stone in order to gain the shelter of a grass clump, and from the stiff blades a second spider slithered out and fixed its jaws on the other's head and crunched it in.

'Sar Bhar,' murmured Shendaw—'Sar Bhar.' And then he proceeded on his way.

As he neared the bungalow he saw two figures on the veranda.

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One in the black-skirted frock of a priest; the other was Sunu, the Llambadi girl. The priest was facing the garden, the girl had her back to Shendaw. He saw her kneel and kiss the priest's hand, and then run down the steps and disappear round the bungalow. The priest saw Shendaw and waved his hand. The planter recognised the bearded face of Depelier.

'Ah, Mis-ter Staines,' said Depelier, as Shendaw mounted the steps. 'You see I have come to the Kappu again, once more I trespass upon your hospitali-ty. I have been here many hours and have ordered your cook to make a meal. He is the only cook I know who can cook to a Frenchman's satisfaction.'

'Quite glad to see you again. There is no need to ask you to make yourself at home apparently. And who is this with you?' Shendaw turned to a younger priest, who was leaning back in one of the long chairs. He got up slowly when Shendaw nodded to him.

'Allow me,' said Depelier, 'to introduce Father O'Donnell to you.'

Shendaw shook O'Donnell by the hand, and hid, as best he could, a shiver. The younger man's hand was limp and wet, his eyes narrow and restless.

'I am glad to meet you. I once knew a Pat O'Donnell in the Munsters. I met him at Arras, or was it at——?'

'As far as I know,' interrupted O'Donnell, 'none of my family have entered the English Army at any time.'

There was no mistaking the sneering tones and the curling lip. Shendaw flushed, the nails of his hands dug sharply into his palms, and O'Donnell, as if aware of the clenched hands, stepped back a pace.

'A peaceful valley this, is it not, Mis-ter Staines?' said Depelier hurriedly. 'How can one think of troubles when there is such beauty in the world! And yet there are troubles everywhere, but he who would bring tragedy to such a place ought to be—may I say?—damned. A haven is this Kappu—yes, the wrongdoers if they come here should be—yes, yes, damned.'

'They should be.' Shendaw bit out the words so curtly that Depelier's eyes searched his face anxiously for a moment. The planter had turned away and was watching a hawk hover over the Kappu bridge. The bird dropped precipitately into a clump of towering basris, and then rose high into the air bearing some object held in its taloned feet. Shendaw turned round to Depelier, signed the priest to a chair, and taking one himself leaned back and lit his pipe.

'May I ask,' began the planter, 'what Sunu was doing here just now?'

Depelier smiled. 'Ah, she has a sweet nature. I was suggesting that she should go to the school at Mangalore and train to be of assistance to her kind.'

'I imagine she would have to embrace the Christian faith?'

'Of course.' Depelier smiled again.

'Then,' went on Shendaw, 'you would have her taught that to expose her breasts is a sin; she would be taught to teach others the same thing; she would be taught to sneer at the frank simplicity of her own people. You would steal her from her own and then say that the Kappu had given you one "success" as you stalked on your way gathering the bewildered to your fold. Depelier, I admire the way you sweat over the roads, but I loathe the way you disturb the minds of naïve natives and detach them from that which is theirs—the jungles.'

'Mr. Staines, if you have advanced money to your coolies I quite see you have a claim over them. If this girl owes you money I will pay it, but I should like to say'—O'Donnell coughed and then resumed—'I should like to say you have no right to obstruct those who are striving for the spiritual good of people—like this girl. You have no authority over the souls of your coolies. We do not force our ideas on others. We cannot benefit by obtaining converts, except that we may realise we have served our cause well—but we remain poor.'

'That girl is mine.'

Shendaw was on his feet standing over O'Donnell. The suddenness of his movement made the priest gasp. He lay back staring at the planter's angry face. He was uncertain what to do. He was helpless, so he remained still. Depelier scrambled to Shendaw's side and put a restraining hand on his arm.

'Mis-ter Staines, I am sorry; I had no idea it was so. The girl has lied. She told me her relations with you did not exist, and so I gathered from inquiries that I made.'

'The girl spoke the truth; your inquiries, Depelier, can only have convinced you that Sunu and I are not intimate. She is the garden coolie—I am the owner of Hiboor; but because she is the garden coolie I intend to see she is not dragged out of her natural environment—see?' Shendaw had swung round on to Depelier. He was shaking. He had hissed his retort. Depelier was disconcerted.

'You English,' snarled O'Donnell, 'can be very magnanimous,

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can you not? But no one is deceived. An Englishman is never magnanimous unless he will benefit. Such a pity to take this girl—think of the garden, and most of all think of yourself. Why don't you admit you have made her your mistress—you are ashamed. I have seen it so often in India.'

When Shendaw started to speak his voice was low, steady, and cold.

'I am glad, O'Donnell, you have hoisted your particular colours. You made a slip, but I am glad. I know now what I thought is true. Let me say, as you have dragged in nationality, that my own idea of your jāt of Irishman is peculiarly unpleasant. It is a pity you did not remain in Dublin to encourage others to send unarmed men spinning to the ground with bullets in their stomachs—that is over, I suppose—so you have come here to minister to the souls of oppressed natives. I believe you do not forget the English in spite of your absorbing work. But although the Authorities overlook you and your kind, remember the Kappu belongs to me. I forbid you to come into it again—complain where you will—you are forbidden. I hope, Depelier, better judgment will convince you it is unwise to—argue.' Shendaw turned to the bearer and told him to order the priests' tonga.

Day had gone; only a pink stain remained above the ghats. The valley was asleep when Depelier and O'Donnell jolted in their tonga over the Kappu bridge. The lamp that swung between the bullocks' heads cut the shadows of the road into queer shapes and put the huddled driver sharply in silhouette.

The tonga had barely mounted half-way to the shoulder of Kodi-Kundi when something hit and smashed the lamp. In the issuing darkness Depelier heard the cartman scream, and immediately two powerful hands dragged him backwards out of his seat and he fell heavily to the road. As he lay on his back he could see two shadowy forms wrestling in the cart. One was that of O'Donnell, the other was that of his assailant. As the priest struggled to his feet O'Donnell spun on top of him, hit by a savage blow. Depelier leaped aside and sprung into the cart to close with the crouching budmash. Seizing him by the throat he crashed the man's head against the hood and tripped him backwards, and then jumped down to the road to close again—but the assailant from the night had vanished. Only O'Donnell remained lying prone in the dust insensible, with one cheek torn. It was bleeding from four long wounds that reached from ear to chin. . . .

At dawn Depelier brought his bullocks to a halt before the Hiboor bungalow. Shendaw was standing on the veranda steps scowling at him.

'I regret to come again,' said Depelier, 'but we have been attacked. O'Donnell needs a dressing for a wound—you cannot refuse, Mis-ter Staines. We will go as soon as it is done. My cartman fled.'

Depelier assisted O'Donnell from the tonga and helped him into a chair, while Shendaw went to the dispensary for the necessary bandages and dressings. When he returned the priest watched with admiring eyes the rapidity and skill with which Shendaw washed and dressed the ugly wounds. The planter's fingers moved with the utmost care, and in a few minutes O'Donnell's cheek was refreshed and bandaged.

Depelier could not at once utter his thanks. His breath was coming in dry gasps. He was shaking, for while Shendaw had been bending over his companion he had noticed a long fresh bruise half hidden in the hair above the planter's left ear. Yes, it was fresh, not eight hours old.

'Have you any idea who attacked you?' asked Shendaw easily, his eyes twinkling merrily and quite free from the anger that had filled them when the tonga drew up before the bungalow.

'I am a little uncertain,' replied Depelier—'a little uncertain. But we will go.'

The priests thanked Shendaw for his attention, and then clambering into the tonga started the bullocks over the road. When once out of sight of the bungalow Depelier drew a heavy revolver from the folds of his gown and allowed it to rest between his knees.

'I will explain,' he said to O'Donnell, 'why I have placed this weapon in readiness when we have left the Kappu valley several miles behind. It is a certain cure for madness, and there seem to be some here in this valley in whose veins it is. I will, as I have said, tell you when the Kappu is far behind.'

And then turning his attention to his bullocks Depelier urged them faster over the dusty road, and as the tonga lurched on its way the priest's eyes flitted restlessly from side to side of the road, and every now and then his delicate fingers caressed the revolver where it lay in the folds of his smock between his knees.

(To be continued.)

FROM THOUGHTS TO THINGS.

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THE whole tendency in science is to pass from the vague to the concrete. The History of Science has several examples of an idea becoming realised, of a prediction coming true, of a metaphor becoming a fact. One meets with a thing first as a 'principle,' a potentiality, a conception in some investigator's mind, and one ends with it as a species of matter tangible, visible, ponderable; the notion has been materialised, the hypothetical thing embodied.

The discovery of 'new' chemical elements for which a place had been reserved in the 'periodic series' is the sort of thing of which we are thinking. The chemical elements of a natural group are arranged in a linear series according to their atomic weights and other properties; and one finds that in such a series there are numbers of gaps, places where no *known* elements fit in.

But from time to time an element possessing the properties of the hitherto unrecognised one is discovered, and at once placed in its niche. Helium is such an element. At one time its niche was empty; chemists said there *should* be such an element, just four times as heavy as hydrogen, for which there was a place in the series. For long there was 'a hypothetical element with an atomic weight of four.'

In due time the late Sir Norman Lockyer by means of the spectroscope found evidence of such an element in the sun, and therefore named it Helium.

As yet it had no recognised terrestrial habitation though it had a name. Later Ramsay found it in various places; in the waters of certain hot springs, for instance; and it was soon isolated and found to be an inert, non-inflammable gas. Before long it was produced in bulk; to-day millions of litres of it are used to fill dirigible balloons, in which it is vastly preferable to the dangerous explosive hydrogen.

The hypothetical substance of the depths of the chemist's brain has been exteriorised into the material gas.

The discovery of another gas, oxygen itself, illustrates very well this tendency towards the definite.

The father of chemistry in France, Lavoisier, was studying 'principle of acids,' or 'acidifying principle,' of which he wrote in 1777: 'I shall therefore designate dephlogisticated air, air eminently respirable, when in a state of combination or fixedness, by the name "acidifying principle," or if one prefers the same meaning in a Greek dress by that of "oxygene principle."'

Here we see the process at work; the 'thing'—etymologically that which is thought—arises in the mind as an 'acidifying principle,' which is Latin; if we wish this in Greek it is 'oxygene' before long it is isolated and identified as the invisible gas, oxygen, whereby we live and move and have our being.

This process towards the concrete is far reaching; for though it took 120 years to accomplish it, by 1897 the invisible gas was actually liquefied, and we could see in the steel-blue liquid, oxygen, the very materialisation of a concept; the word had been made substance.

And the reward of its discoverer?—the guillotine! So much sympathy has the mob with intellectual achievement!

In the familiar word 'gas' itself we have another example of the evolution from the vague to the concrete. The word 'gas' was the very coinage of the brain of the Belgian chemist van Helmont, who devised at the same time the corresponding term 'blas'. How he came to invent them let him explain in his own words. He says they are 'two new terms introduced by me because a knowledge of them' (that is of the things which they indicate) 'was hidden from the ancients.' He appears to have thought that the sound of the word 'gas' resembled that of 'chaos,' the name for the universal, unformed condition of primal existence.

Now whereas the concept behind the word 'gas' has become an indispensable part of chemistry, 'blas' has remained an arbitrary name for a hypothetical and completely unknown existence called 'spirit.' As a matter of fact the word has never been used at all.

The terms 'positive' and 'negative' electricity began as suppositions made by the early naturalists; they were arbitrary terms, a sort of guess to describe the behaviour of a force which in any other way it was very difficult to visualise. For long these terms remained merely suppositions; but now the physicists tell us that positively and negatively charged particles are real existences. Sir Oliver Lodge writes in his latest book, 'Ether and Reality' (1925): 'The two oppositely charged particles, the

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negative and the positive, are called (respectively) an electron and a proton. . . . Different atoms are known to be composed of different numbers of electrons. . . . The atoms of all the chemical elements are built up of electrons and protons and of nothing else.'

A very similar story may be told of the atom and the molecule. The atom as Dalton conceived it in 1804 was the smallest portion of matter which could enter into chemical combination. In course of time the Italian chemist, Count Amedeo Avogadro (1776-1856), became convinced that there must be bodies composed of two, three, or more atoms, compound atoms in fact, which could exist in a state of freedom. Avogadro therefore coined the word molecule (diminutive of moles, a mass) in 1811 'as a term of convenience,' to express his idea of the smallest portion of matter able to exist in a free state.

For many a day Avogadro's molecule was still 'a term of convenience'; but to-day the molecules have been weighed and measured. 'The Brownian movement,' says a recent writer, 'has revealed to us bodies intermediate between ordinary particles and single molecules, and has enabled us to estimate the actual weight of molecules. . . . There is thus no question that molecules and atoms are real.' Hence the thing that began its existence in the world of the mind has attained to a reality independent of the mind altogether; the conception has as its counterpart an object in the environment.

Modern Biology furnishes us with several examples of progress from the vague to the concrete. The case of the ferments is one. At one time digestion was confused not only with putrefaction but with boiling and with the effervescence of gas in chemical operations.

The very notion of a ferment, a substance not itself living but produced by living matter, had not emerged from the mental confusion in which such experimenters and thinkers as van Helmont, Sylvius, de Graaf, and Haller were enmeshed.

The Frenchman Réaumur was the first to obtain gastric juice in an approximately pure state, and to cause it to perform digestion outside the body. The Italian Spallanzani, working at Pavia in 1777, discovered that digestion in the stomach was the exact opposite of putrefaction, and was in fact due to some 'solvent power' or 'active principle of solution' in the gastric juice.

In 1862 the 'principle of solution' was isolated as a whitish powder—the ferment 'pepsin' so named by Schwann in 1836.

Soon other ferments were isolated ; and to-day in our laboratories we store in glass bottles dozens of these substances called enzymes, the modern representatives of the principles of solution of former times. The notion has been materialised, purified, and dried.

Our next example of physiological definiteness may be taken from the department of the Internal Secretions. For thousands of years nothing was known or even guessed about the function of the two inconspicuous bodies, the supra-renal capsules or adrenals, ductless glands, found quite close to the kidneys.

In 1855 Dr. Thomas Addison of Guy's Hospital, London, described a disease, since named after him, in which the patient suffered from an extreme degree of weakness in the heart and body muscles, and after death was found to have had his supra-renal glands degenerated, usually owing to tubercular infection.

It was very naturally assumed that in health the supra-renals produced something which, entering the blood, was carried to all parts of the body to maintain the tone of the muscle of the heart, and of the blood-vessels as well as of the body muscles. This 'something' was apparently absent in Addison's disease.

This 'something' remained undiscovered until 1895 when, on a watery extract of the supra-renal being injected into an animal's vein, the blood-pressure rose to an astonishing height through the muscle of the heart and of the blood-vessels having been vigorously stimulated.

Something contained in the watery extract of the supra-renal evidently possessed powerful physiological effects ; it may be named 'adrenalin,' although as yet it is a hypothetical secretion.

After some years of research, between 1897 and 1904, the biochemists succeeded in separating from the glands a substance which in solution possessed all the properties of the extract of the supra-renals. It is widely used to control local bleeding. Soon adrenalin was made synthetically ; and at the present time not nearly all the adrenalin used in medicine is derived from the actual gland. Within fifty years of the suspected existence of an internal secretion of the supra-renals, the natural substance was isolated, the 'structural' formula ascertained, and the synthetic substance manufactured on a large scale.

Here we have the crystallisation of a notion ; the thing of the mind has become a thing of the laboratory ; the thought has been captured.

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This is not the only member of the group of internal secretions or hormones which has been isolated and identified.

In 1914 the American biochemist, Dr. Kendall, isolated from the thyroid gland its active principle and named it thyroxin. Thyroxin produces the same physiological and therapeutical effects as does administration of thyroid extract or grafting of the thyroid gland.

For thousands of years the thyroid and other ductless glands were an enigma; within the last thirty years physiological chemists have been enabled to extract and bottle the active 'principles' of at least four ductless glands, the supra-renal, the thyroid, the pituitary, and the pancreas.

This last, called 'insulin,' discovered so lately as in 1922, is the hormone which enables the body to deal properly with its absorbed sugar, and in the absence of which the serious disease diabetes results. Within the last three years the lives of thousands of persons have been saved by the injection of this anti-diabetic 'principle.' These 'principles' are now sold over the counter.

The physiology of Fatigue supplies us with another instance of the progression of ideas from indefiniteness to definiteness.

Fatigue is an ill-defined and not altogether disagreeable state of our consciousness; but quite evidently it is also a bodily condition. There is a slight soreness about joints and muscles, a tendency to drag the legs, a limpness everywhere, a tendency for the eyelids to droop and the head to fall forwards. All these things are an expression of its physical basis. Fatigue has been found to have a physical basis in the nervous system like so many other and more definite species of consciousness.

If nerve-cells be prepared appropriately for microscopical scrutiny, it is noticed that in all healthy cells there are numbers of short, rod-like bodies which take on a bright blue stain devised by a German neurologist, Professor Nissl of Heidelberg. These minute prisms are therefore called 'the granules of Nissl.'

When one examines cells that are diseased, as, for instance, in epilepsy, mania, alcoholism, we can see that these granules are no longer clearly defined, but are blurred on their edges, and, as it were, partially dissolved away. The learned word for this is chromatolysis.

Now the interesting thing is that if we examine the cells in the nervous system of a very fatigued animal we shall find well-marked chromatolysis.

The nerve-cells innervating the wing muscles of a sparrow,

before it had begun to fly about for the day, were scrutinised and taken as normal; then similar cells were examined in a bird killed after it had been flying about all day, and these two sets were compared.

The cells from the tired bird were found to have their granules noticeably blurred in outline.

Finally, if a fatigued bird was allowed to rest and then killed, and its nerve cells examined, they would be found to show no signs of blurring of the granules.

It is clear that they had recovered. Fatigue, then, has a physical (microscopical) basis; in other words, so elusive a thing as tiredness has been proved to be related to most definite minute structures in the remotest depths of the nerve-cells.

But this discovery only leads to another inquiry—What is it that induces this wearing away of the granules of tissue in fatigue? The answer is that fatigue on its chemical side is due to certain substances circulating in the blood which bring about a condition of mild intoxication of the nervous system. Nothing is more familiar than that fatigue leads to sleepiness, and this type of sleep is almost certainly a mild chemical poisoning. The biochemists have not as yet fully identified these fatigue-producing substances, but there can be no doubt whatever that such exist and that they are responsible for the microscopic changes seen in nerve cells in fatigue. Thus has physiology objectified the subjective.

No topic of general interest seemed at one time so hopelessly vague as that of Heredity.

Where does the offspring originate? Why does it resemble its parents and yet differ from them? How can it resemble more distant ancestors? How are family traits and peculiarities preserved from one generation to another? Those and other allied questions have been asked by everyone some time in their lives.

Before the microscope revealed the invisible female ovum and the invisible male sperm, all ideas about the mechanism of descent were in a state of chaos. It was quite impossible to know whence the embryo came when its beginnings were far beyond the realm of human vision.

Of course, not all eggs are microscopic; those of birds, fishes, and reptiles are not; but those of mammals are, and hence it was that the earliest stages of the mammalian embryo were such a mystery.

The mammalian ovum was not seen until 1827, when the German

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embryologist, von Baer, removed one from a living rabbit. Human sperms had been seen under the microscope for the first time so long before as in 1674 by the Dutchman Leeuwenhoek at Delft.

Previous to the discovery of the male element, the wildest notions were held as to the influence of the male parent. Our own Harvey, the sagacious and very able discoverer of the circulation of the blood, could not see his way out of the maze. The undoubted power of development of certain insects' eggs without male aid (parthenogenesis) was a fact that merely increased the confusion.

As an example of how much astray naturalists could be in their beliefs, take the idea that mares could be impregnated by the West wind, which was therefore called zephyr, from zoe life and phoreo, I carry, a notion alluded to in the third Georgic of Virgil.

But why *do* offspring resemble their parents? Because the body of the young creature is developed from a living portion detached from the body of the mother. The discovery of the ovum showed that there is a continuity of substance from generation to generation: some part of the mother's body has not died, for when she dies it is already living on in her child. This is the famous 'doctrine of the continuity of the germ-plasm': something at least is immortal; a speck of female protoplasm is immortal.

The sperm from the male, which is even smaller than the egg-cell, having entered the latter and impregnated it, stimulates it to 'division.' With no other extraneous aid than this, the ovum begins to grow rapidly into a new creature—new in the sense of separate, but old in the sense that it contains *some* material derived from both parents, some material which is continuous in its descent from the very first of human kind.

A very great deal of the vagueness about reproduction has vanished in the illumination of the microscopic field.

A still further advance into the concrete in Heredity was made in 1900, when the researches of the Austrian monk, Gregor Mendel, were republished, for they were originally written in 1865. These, and the researches which they inspired, threw a very great deal of light on the essential mechanism of inheritance itself. It has been established that in the innermost recesses of the living cell (in its 'nucleus') there are minute thread-like bodies which are the carriers of attributes—such attributes in plants as tallness and shortness, the having smooth or wrinkled seeds, etc.; and in animals such characteristics as length, roughness, smoothness, whiteness and blackness of the hairy coat.

By suitably mating animals possessing combinations of appropriate qualities, hybrids can be produced entirely unknown in Nature.

This was proof that the experimenter had obtained control of the conditions ; in an experiment with guinea-pigs, where one parent had dark smooth hair and the other white rough hair, a type quite new to breeders was produced with white smooth hair. Research workers in Canada have produced a new type of grain which possesses the two attributes of fertility and resistance to a disease ('rust') previously found only in two separate strains of corn. Thus things so elusive as those whose names end in 'ness' have been rendered so concrete as to have their physical bases made visible in the microscope.

Finally, so indefinite a thing as blood-relationship has been brought into the category of the definite.

If, say, a rabbit has injected into it a little human blood sufficiently often, then some of that rabbit's blood will, when mixed with some human blood, produce a precipitate in the latter. This prepared rabbit (but no other) possesses an anti-serum for human blood ; and it was originally supposed for no other kind.

If, however, we take some blood from one of the higher apes and add to it some of the anti-serum, we find a certain amount of precipitate produced. The more anthropoid the ape, the more precipitate is found. Hence emerges a totally unlooked-for proof, a chemical one, of our relationship with the monkeys.

Further, if one arranges the monkeys in their descending zoological order and tests with anti-serum the blood of each member of the series, it will be found that the amount of reaction is greatest with the highest apes and is less and less distinct as we descend the scale, until there is none with the little Lemurs, which are not true monkeys at all.

These tests will be given with astonishingly high dilutions of blood. This 'precipitin' test for human blood has been found so valuable that it has been used in criminal trials to distinguish human blood from that of the lower animals. Thus so abstract a conception as 'blood-relationship' has been made surprisingly definite.

Of course it is in the evolution of the healing art that we have most strikingly the passage from the vague to the concrete. The medicine of the pre-microscopic era was full of sympathies, constitutions, temperaments, dyscrasias, and diatheses ; to-day we

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recognise these things and work with theories but as aids in accounting for, not taking the place of, objective realities.

In the fourteenth century the great surgeon of Avignon, Guy de Chauliac, attributed the Plague to a conjunction of the planets Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars in the sign of Aquarius on March 24, 1345.

The Black Death was said to be due to the poisoning of wells, to the iniquities of the Jews, or to a special outpouring of Divine Wrath.

Later malaria and influenza were attributed to night air, exhalations, corruptions, vapours, miasmas, and 'paludism.' Did not Addison sing :

' In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes I passed unhurt,
And breathed the *tainted air*.'

To-day, instead of names we have what we can see and handle—animal parasites, moulds, bacilli, and micrococci. The bacteria are the seed which for ages escaped detection till the microscope revealed that other universe of the infinitely little; then many vaguenesses fled away like morning mists before the rising sun. But what of the soil, of the receptivity? In what does immunity consist?

Immunity from disease is no longer a mere name; the biochemists have bottled anti-toxins, precipitins, agglutinins, and bacteriolysins—the chemical responses to parasitic insults.

The latest researches of Dr. Gye and Mr. Barnard into the causation of cancer introduce us to 'germs' so minute that they will pass through the pores of a compressed clay filter. Alone these filter-passers will not infect, will not 'cause' cancer; there requires to be simultaneously present in the about-to-be-diseased tissue a second factor, its specific receptivity.

This factor has already been separated in a watery extract of cancerous tumours. Alone it will not infect; but in conjunction with the germ or virus the disease is produced.

Thus so elusive a thing as the receptivity of the soil for the germ has been captured and corked.

And so knowledge moves majestically, if slowly, from the obscure to the clearer, from the reign of chaos to the reign of law, from the vague to the concrete.

The story of the discovery of the telescope, how it was bound up with that wonderful emancipation of the human spirit from the thralldom of mediæval ignorance and the hatred of scientific light, has been told us by many learned men ; but I venture to think that the discovery of the microscopé, which has never yet had its historian or poet, was one fraught with many more beneficent results for humanity. By its scrutiny the invisible but actual sources of most of the scourges of mankind have been discovered ; and it would seem that it is in its power, and not in that of fleets or armies, that we must look for the physical salvation of the sons of men. Man may redeem himself from death, not by sweeping the heavens with the space-annihilating telescope, but by peering into the dust of the earth with the space-creating microscope.

We see that the principle of the incarnation of ideas, of the realisation in the world of substance of what had been vaguely foreshadowed in the world of mind, is a process which has gone on in science as surely, but perhaps not so conspicuously, as it has in art. The artist succeeds more or less perfectly in incarnating his ideas of beauty in stone, in wood, in metal, or in pigment ; but no painter ever yet expressed all the loveliness in his mind, pellucid though his pigments were. The poet strives to give utterance to the majesty of his imagination, but no poet was ever yet satisfied that his words, choice though they were, portrayed all the delicacy of his fancy or the glory of his dreams. The musician is conscious that after he has swept the lyre with melodies of transcendent sweetness, there are unheard melodies that are sweeter still ; the preacher whose eloquence stirs the vast cathedral returns home depressed with the thought that his burning words did not rise to the fever-height of his fervour. The saint, aiming at the highest ideals of holiness, has still to confess failure whether as anchorite, prophet, missionary, or philanthropist.

But it is sometimes given to the man of science to touch, to taste, to handle what was once only a notion, a suggestion, a forecast either in his own day or in that of a less fortunate predecessor in the earlier times of the history of thought.

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THE LADY WITH THE RED HAIR.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

PART II.

WHATEVER the scandal caused by the murder of Thynne and the subsequent trial, it had no effect upon the young Lady Ogle's value as a great match; though it may have spurred those about her to lose no time in settling her. Little more than three months elapsed before, emerging triumphantly from the shadow that had darkened her path, Elisabeth married for the third time. On May 30, 1682, she was wedded at her mother's residence, Montagu House, to Charles, sixth Duke of Somerset, a youth of nineteen, handsome, of stately presence and no unfitting match for her. Descended from a younger son of the Protector Somerset, he was a cousin of that Sir Edward Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons, whose reply when William the Third civilly asked if he was not of the Duke of Somerset's family, is recorded by Macaulay. 'Pardon me, sir,' he answered, 'the Duke of Somerset is of my family.' The Duke was not wealthy, but in point of rank no husband could have been more fitting; he was one of the only two Dukes whose titles were older than the Restoration, and as the Duke of Norfolk, to whom alone he yielded precedence, was a Roman Catholic, he played throughout his life the part of premier peer. To his claims on this and all other grounds he was fully alive; and having added to his title the wealth and traditions of the more ancient and illustrious Percys, he lives in social history as the Proud Duke of Somerset; in the Marlborough correspondence his nickname was 'The Sovereign.'

According to his contemporaries he was a dull, pompous man, of slender ability and no judgment, a stately figure in a pageant or a procession, but of little weight at the Council table. But his public career, though fitful and ill-directed, was not dishonourable, and in more than one crisis it fell to him to play, whether his wife's stronger sense inspired him or not, a manly part. In his family life he was harsh, imperious, and selfish; a terror to his children and so arrogant at the last that many thought him insane. For seating herself in his presence without permission he is said to have docked his daughter's portion of twenty thousand pounds;

but perhaps his pose is best illustrated by the famous anecdote which may be told here though out of its place. When more than forty years later he had married a second wife she tapped him with her fan to attract his attention. 'Madam,' he rebuked her, 'my first wife was a Percy and she never ventured to take such a liberty!'

But at nineteen, when he came wooing the great heiress, we may take him to have been a handsome gay young fellow. And this time the young bride's interests were duly guarded. Haughty as the Duke was, he had to consent to take her name, a condition however which she waived when she came of age. She was fifteen years and four months old when she was wedded for the third time and she bore her first child soon after she was sixteen. The infant did not live—the rate of child mortality was, at this epoch, terrible, witness Queen Anne's seventeen children of whom not one grew up. But a second son was born to her in the following year, who lived to be Duke of Somerset, Earl of Northumberland, of Hertford and of Egremont, Viscount Beauchamp and Baron Percy. She had eleven other children, of whom five survived her.

On the whole we may suppose her to have been fairly happy in the marriage which removed her from the sinister influences that had so far clouded her life. But even so the ensuing year must have been gloomy, for those who in the Popish plot had sowed the wind now reaped the whirlwind, and there was mourning in Leicester House and in the two great mansions in Southampton Fields. Twelve months after the wedding the Shaftesbury party, caught in their turn in the meshes of the Rye House conspiracy, sank under the vengeance of the Court. Shaftesbury himself, wily to the last, escaped to Holland, to die a few weeks later; while Montagu, Elisabeth's stepfather, equally elusive, fled for his life to the Continent. Her uncle, Essex, arrested and sent to the Tower, died there by his own hand, or by secret murder. Her other uncle, Lord Russell, at once more honest and less far-sighted, perished on the scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Algernon Sydney, a man much less to be pitied, shared his fate four months later. Montagu House was let to Lord Devonshire, and three years afterwards was burnt to the ground. So the coterie that had met and colloqued there and at the Russells' next door, was tragically broken to pieces—to come together again five years later as the great party that, chastened and guided by wiser and cooler heads, was to rule England for a long period. With it Montagu House too rose from its ashes, and Lady Russell, Elisabeth's aunt, reigning long at Southampton House, lived to see her descendants,

the Dukes of Bedford, Devonshire, and Rutland, at the head of the typical Whig families.

From the time of her third marriage it was inevitable that the life of the young Duchess of Somerset should merge to a great extent in that of her husband. He became First Lord of the Bedchamber, an ornamental office that became him well, and that in the next reign provided him with an unexpected opportunity of showing his spirit. He was required by King James to introduce the Papal Nuncio at Court. He had made concessions, but this, being advised that it was flatly illegal, he declared that he dared not do. 'I would have you fear me as well as the laws,' replied the obstinate King. 'I cannot fear you, sir,' the Duke is said to have answered. 'As long as I commit no offence I am secure in Your Majesty's justice,' a reply which certainly does not argue a dull man. He was dismissed from his two Lieutenancies and all his appointments, and when William of Orange landed was one of those who, not among the first but in good time, declared for him. He played a leading part at the ensuing coronation and on several occasions splendidly entertained the King both at Petworth and at his own seat at Marlborough, a house that figured after his death as the Castle Inn, and is now Marlborough College. But there does not appear to have been much love lost between him and the new sovereigns, and he presently, probably at his wife's instigation, took a step that estranged both King and Queen. When the Princess Anne, refusing to give up the Marlboroughs, was ejected from her rooms in the Cockpit, it was the Duke of Somerset who stepped forward and provided her with a refuge by placing at her service his wife's seat at Isleworth, a step that inaugurated the friendship between the Duchess and the Princess which was to be pregnant of consequences in the next reign.

Still there does not appear to have been an actual breach with the Court, for at Queen Mary's funeral it was our Duchess who walked as chief mourner. And no doubt the half-grown girl who had fled abroad in fear and distress twelve years before, now made at twenty-seven a stately figure. She had not the remarkable beauty of her mother, and the red hair that she shared with her Sydney cousins was in that day held to be a blemish; but she was tall and comely, and of a fine presence though inclined to stoutness, and her manners were of the best. She was now in the pride of her youth, a discreet, far-seeing woman, on whom experience had not been lost, and it is probable that she guided her ill-witted arbitrary husband to a greater extent than he imagined.

When Anne came to the throne a new scene opened. The Duchess was appointed a Lady of the Bedchamber, while the Duke was rewarded with the Mastership of the Horse, which Marlborough, now all-powerful, deemed a sufficient reward for his services. That great man had in truth but a low opinion of the Duke's capacity; and, writing to his wife, he excuses himself, saying, 'I beg you will have so kind an opinion of me as to believe I can't be so indiscreet as to employ the Duke of Somerset in anything that is of consequence,' a remark which corroborates Swift's statement that Somerset had not a grain of judgment; hardly common sense. Naturally, however, the proud Duke had a better opinion of himself. He thought his reward below his merits, and he bided his time and by and by he took his revenge. When the influence of the Marlboroughs began to decline, and the Tories, ejected from the composite Ministry in 1708, began in their turn, supported by the enthusiasm of the High Church party and the nation's weariness of the war, to expel their opponents, the Duke, though still a professing Whig, separated himself from his party. He clung to his office and his seat at the Council, and continued to give the Government a support more embarrassing than welcome.

But simultaneously another and a more important struggle had been in progress. Behind the scenes at Kensington Palace, in the Queen's closet and about the back-stairs, a far more ruthless struggle—a ladies' battle—had been waging. There the tempestuous Duchess of Marlborough, Sarah with the swan-like neck—we do not always picture her with her angry passions as beautiful, but beautiful she was—had at length found her match, and met with something more than her Malplaquet. Long had been the conflict and bitter the fight. It had begun on that ominous day in 1707, when the great Sarah going through her own lodgings 'a private way and unexpected,' had surprised Mistress Hill unlocking the Queen's door in a loud familiar manner and tripping across the room with a gay air, 'but upon seeing me she immediately stopped short and, acting a part like a player, dropped a grave curtsey and in a faint low voice cried, "Did your Majesty ring, pray?"' Thenceforward for four years the fight for the Queen's ear had gone on, growing ever fiercer and more savage, until the imperious Duchess, defeated as much by her own ungovernable temper as by the subtle wits of her rival, had succumbed to the despised cousin, the Abigail whom she had raised from a mean employment to the Queen's service. It closed on that sad and humiliating day in 1711 when the Marlboroughs

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tasted final defeat, and the great Commander, distracted between the angry Queen and his termagant wife, returned with tears the gold key that the latter had flung down for him to pick up. That was indeed a struggle and that a defeat! And the result? In the result one of the vacated offices fell to the victor; Mistress Abigail Hill, soon to be Lady Masham, became Privy Purse. But the two superior posts fell to our Duchess Elisabeth, who from her neighbouring apartments in Kensington had, we may be sure, watched the conflict at close quarters and with cold derisive eyes. The first Lady of the Bedchamber became Mistress of the Robes and Groom of the Stole.

Thenceforth the position was this. The Tories under Harley and St. John were in power, and through Abigail, who was Harley's second cousin, enjoyed the Queen's confidence. But Somerset, the Whig, clung with embarrassing devotion to his office and his seat at the Tory Councils—though we gather that he was seldom summoned and was cold-shouldered when he appeared. And—a far more serious drawback—his wife retained her place at Queen Anne's side, and could not only counteract their ally, the Masham, but might at any critical moment supplant her in the royal favour.

And the years between 1711 and 1714, years during which our Duchess was entering her splendid forties, were fraught with critical moments. Much more was at stake than whether peace should be made with France or the Tory party enjoy for a longer or shorter period the spoils of office. The Queen's health was declining, no one of her many children survived, and the thoughts of all public men were anxiously bent on the Succession. The crown was settled on the Hanover family and a majority of the nation were firm for the Protestant heir. But the future was dark, the Stuarts had been once restored, no man trusted another, and a strong move on the Queen's part might upset the Act of Settlement and lead to a second restoration of her father's family. Many believed that her heart was set on this; it was rumoured that Abigail talked much to her of her brother—the old Pretender—and there was hardly a statesman in power or out who had not an eye to insuring himself in either event. Marlborough, we are told, wrote by the same mail to the Lord Treasurer, to the Elector of Hanover, and to the Pretender, and he was but one of many! Meantime the Tory party was moving more and more to the Jacobite side; the bolder section under Bolingbroke were certainly contemplating a restoration, while the more moderate section under Harley probably inclined in the same direction, but desired to await

events and to suspend a decision, while retaining in their own hands the power to decide.

A peace with France seemed to be a necessary preliminary. The Tories secured this by a creation of peers, and the way seemed then to be tolerably clear. But the Duke of Somerset, a watching Whig, remained at the Council table and his wife in the Queen's closet; and it was with the Queen that the last word lay, in her closet that the final decision must be made. To Harley and to Bolingbroke the most important person in the country—next to Anne herself—was the person who had access to her at all hours, who could put in a word in season, and could influence, when the time came to act, one prone at all times to lean on a clearer intellect. If the Duchess of Somerset remained in her place she might not only counter Lady Masham's arguments, but she might presently oust her from favour as Abigail had ousted the terrible Sarah.

And the Duchess of Somerset enjoyed this advantage, that while Anne was a little ashamed of her affection for Lady Masham, she felt that the last of the Percys was fitted by birth and rank as well as by office to receive her confidence. We have Sarah Marlborough's description of our Elisabeth as she was during these years, and jaundiced and coloured with spite as it is, we may look at it.

'The Duchess of Somerset,' Sarah wrote, when reviewing the events of this time, 'was near the Queen's person; she had her ear whenever she pleased, she was soft and complaisant, full of fine words and low courtesies, and could by art and insinuation (seemingly unaffected and free from malice or passion) make all such disadvantageous impressions sink the deeper into her mistress's heart.

'What she had fixed her eyes and her wishes upon was the office of the Groom of the Stole, as yet possessed by the Duchess of Marlborough; but she covered the impertinence of her expectation and ambition within, with the outward guise of lowliness and good-humour. And being assured that when the change was made she should be Groom of the Stole, this made her Grace very industrious in doing all manner of mischief, but at the same time she acted her part so well that she would solemnly lament the misunderstandings between the Queen and the Duchess of Marlborough whom she did her utmost to undermine, though in the beginning of the Queen's reign she had made her a Lady of the Bedchamber after she had refused it, and after the number was filled up. And when a certain great man had resolved to have the Duke of Somerset removed from being Master of the Horse as he affirmed for telling the secrets of the cabinet council, the Duchess of Marlborough gave the Duchess of Somerset timely notice of it.

and prevented the blow. The Duke of Somerset was out of humour—the story here outruns our own narrative—‘I don’t remember for what and left the Court. But the Duchess stayed behind him and enjoyed not only the post for which she had ignominiously sacrificed her truth and honour, but also a degree of royal favour which those new ministers’—Harley and St. John—‘personally began to envy and to be jealous of. This was plain from the lampoons their agents’—Swift—‘published against her at first, though they thought afterwards to let her remain in quiet, finding that her fawning, submissive, flattering way of conversation had gained too great an ascendancy over the Queen for them to venture the experiment of making her so soon uneasy again.

‘I cannot forget that this great lady managed her ambition so cunningly that she contrived not to be at Court when the Duchess of Marlborough was to be dismissed that it might seem to those who could see no farther than the outside of things, as if she had neither any hand nor any view in that matter; and as if she had no aim at the office of Groom of the Stole, but was sought after for it without any inclination of her own. She had her end at length; but it was dearly purchased at the price of so much artifice and meanness of soul.’

It is odd and to be noted that the writer omits all reference to the higher office of Mistress of the Robes in which her Grace of Somerset had succeeded her. However, let us now look on another picture of the Duchess drawn by a more friendly pen, that of Lord Dartmouth.

‘The Duchess of Somerset,’ he wrote in his notes on Burnet’s History, ‘was the best-bred as well as the best-born lady in England. She maintained her dignity at Court with great respect to the Queen and sincerity to all others. She was by much the greatest favourite when the Queen died; and it would have continued, for she thought herself justified in her favour to her when she was ashamed of it elsewhere. Mrs. Danvers, who had served her mother the Duchess of York and been about her from her infancy, told me she never wondered at her favour to the Duchess of Somerset, but always had to the Duchess of Marlborough, who was the most reverse to the Queen that could have been found in the whole Kingdom.’

Whichever of these portraits was nearer to life, to remove our Elizabeth from her post became for the Ministry a matter of life or death; and Swift’s ‘Journal to Stella’ records the tense anxiety felt by his party on the point. It appears for the first time in a letter of March 1711. ‘Your Duchess of Somerset—’ the ‘your’

may possibly refer to some acquaintance which Stella may have had with her Grace through the Temples—'who has the key, is a most insinuating woman, and I believe they'—the Whigs—'will endeavour to play the same game that has been played against them. I have told them of all this, which they know already but they cannot help it. They have cautioned the Queen so much against being governed that she observes it too much.'

Incidentally we may notice that the very same position arose a hundred and thirty years later, when a female sovereign again occupied the throne. Sir Robert Peel resigned in 1841 on this very question of the removal from the Queen's side of those ladies of the Bedchamber who belonged to the party out of power.

In August 1711 Swift returns to the point. His friends have not yet succeeded in removing either Duke or Duchess, but they are taking strong measures. 'The reason why the Cabinet Council,' he explains, 'was not held last night was because Mr. Secretary St. John would not sit with your Duke of Somerset. So to-day the Duke was forced to go to the Race while the Council was held.' The Court was then at Windsor.

In September Mrs. Masham gave birth to a child and had perforce to absent herself from the Queen. This was felt to be most dangerous. 'Mrs. Masham,' he notes on the 19th, 'is better and will be here in three or four days. She had need; for the Duchess of Somerset is thought to gain ground daily.' And alarm was felt by the party over so trifling a matter as the Queen's preference for the Duke's arm when she left the House of Lords. Who, she was asked, should lead her out, the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Cholmondeley, or Lord Loudoun, the Great Chamberlain? Anne answered curtly, 'Neither of you,' and gave her hand to the Duke of Somerset, although he had just spoken in the debate against the Ministry of which he was a member.

In December, 'I was this morning with the Secretary,' Swift writes. 'He will needs pretend to talk as if things would be well.' 'Will you believe it,' said he, "if you see these people turned out?" I said, "Yes, if I see the Duke and Duchess of Somerset turned out." He swore, if they were not, he would give up his place.' Three days later Swift continues, 'The Duke of Somerset is gone to Petworth and I hear the Duchess too, of which I shall be very glad.' And Peter Wentworth, the Queen's equerry, writing to his brother, Lord Strafford, reports the same rumour. 'The Duke of Somerset went out of town on Saturday to keep his Christmas at Pittworth upon which all the Tories were full of the news

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that he was turned out ! I believe that's too tough a bite for them or anybody to meddle with ; the Dutchess of Summersett is left in town.' For the time Peter proved to be right, and next day Swift adds sorrowfully, 'The Dutchess of Somerset is not gone to Petworth ; only the Duke and that is a poor sacrifice. I believe the Queen certainly designs to change the Ministry.' And in his distress, 'This is all your d—d Dutchess of Somerset !' he cries.

At the close of 1711 it is clear that the fate of the Tory Ministry hung in the balance. On December 21, 'We must certainly fall,' Swift writes, 'if the Dutchess of Somerset be not turned out, and nobody believes that the Queen will ever part with her.' And then, two days later, overcome by the bitterness of hope deferred the misguided man vented his chagrin in a famous effusion of twenty-six lines, certainly among the worst that he ever penned and destined to cost him, and possibly his party, most dearly. He styled this attack on the Dutchess 'The Windsor Prophecy,' and forgetting the adage which bids to beware of the *spretæ injuria formæ* he assailed not only her Grace's fair fame but her good looks. The Prophecy was a queer farrago of cryptic tropes and allusions, and need be reproduced only in part. The gist of the libel lay in the final injunction :

'And dear England, if aught I understand,
Beware of Carrots from Northumberland :
Carrots, soon Thynne, a deep root may get
If so be they are in Somer set,
Their Coningsmark show, for I have been told
They *assassine* when young and *poison* when old !
Root out these Carrots, O thou, whose name
Is backwards and forwards always the same,
And keep close to thee always that name.
Which backwards and forwards is almost the same.
And England, wouldst thou be happy still
Bury those carrots under a Hill !'

The name which backwards and forwards was always the same was, of course, Anna ; that which was nearly the same was Masham. Hill was the maiden name of Mrs. Masham, who was the Dutchess of Marlborough's first cousin. 'Carrots,' of course, was a reference to the Dutchess's red hair.

Certainly there never was clearer proof than these lines afford that a very clever man may be also a very foolish man. 'My Prophecy is printed,' the rash poet wrote, 'I don't know how it will pass.' He was presently to learn with a vengeance. It passed well that there is little doubt that it cost him the mitre of Hereford

and consigned him to that obscure banishment in Ireland which soured the latter half of his life. The lines were in truth unpardonable, and it would have been a generous spirit indeed that could either forget or forgive an accumulation of insults so crude.

His friends were of course wiser. They saw, if they did not openly tell him, what infinite injury the libel might do both to them and their cause. Two days later, 'I called at noon at Mrs. Masham's,' he writes, 'who desired me'—can we not imagine the alarm and horror she suppressed?—'not to let the Prophecy be published for fear of angering the Queen about the Duchess of Somerset, so I writ to the printers to stop them. They have been given about but not sold.'

But it was too late, though he ordered the printer to part with no more, and was cheered a day or two later by the report that the Duke of Somerset was turned out at last. This rumour too proved to be premature, and he adds, 'I visited the Treasurer who is now right again and all well, only that the Somerset Family is not out yet. I hate that. I don't like it as the man said by, etc.' And he breaks into doggerel verse :

'We cannot be stout
Till Somerset's out !'

Then next day, 'It is told me as a great secret that the Duke of Somerset will be out soon. The day is fixed but what shall we do with the Duchess ? They say the Duke will make her leave the Queen out of spite, if he be out. It has stuck upon that fear a good while already'—meaning, apparently, on the Queen's fear that that will be the result. And Peter Wentworth, writing just a day or two before the close of the year, after referring to a difference between the Duke of Somerset and the Duke of Hamilton, continues, referring to the former :

'This work't so much that a letter was writ to dismiss him and given the Duchess to send him, at the same time signifying the desire to have her keep her place ; but the answer was he would never leave her M—— till she dismiss him, and whenever that was her pleasure he must have the Duchess. Upon that there has been a demure, and till to-day it has been the talk of the town this was a remove could not be made, but there's come out a Prophecy wch I here send inclost, and the Dutchess of Sommersett is gone for Pettworth to-day and the report is they have carried the point for the removal of them both.'

Ten days later Peter gives us a glimpse of a fourth competitor

for the Queen's favour, the Tory Duchess of Ormond who gave her portrait to Swift, and was destined to die a Jacobite exile twenty years later.

'I was told,' he notes, 'a story to-day wch I will not affirm for truth till I have inquired farther into 't. 'Twas that a gentleman desired to speak to the Queen, and the Dutchess of Ormond being in waiting wou'd have introduced him, but she was told by the page of the back stairs that the Dutchess of Sommerset was just gone and had left orders that nobody shou'd be permitted to speak to the Queen till she came again. 'Tis certain the Dutchess of Somersset remains in great esteem with the Queen still.'

On January 19, 1712, however, Swift can at last write :

'The Duke of Somerset is out, and was with his yellow liveries at Parliament to-day. You know he had the same as the Queen when he was Master of the Horse. We hope the Duchess will follow and that he will take her away in spite. Lord Treasurer, I hope, has now saved his head.'

Peter tells us more :

'Friday night the Duke of Sommerset came to town and was with the Queen on Saturday morning and when he came home from St. James's he pull'd off the Queen's liveries from his men so 'tis known he's out. That week the Dutchess was in waiting so she appeared a Sunday with the key ; some say yesterday she resigned it, but one can know nothing till we see her again for there's (no) believing anything but one's own eyes.'

He was in the right to be incredulous, for the Duchess did not retire though the Ministry was saved ; and Swift writes presently, and as if he now gave up hope, 'We can never get out the Duchess of Somerset.' He records the terrible fire at Sir William Wyndham's in the Haymarket—it was really in Albemarle Street. 'He married Lady Catherine Seymour, the Duchess of Somerset's daughter. Wyndham's young child escaped very narrowly. Lady Catherine escaped barefoot. They all went to Northumberland House.' Wentworth adds the picturesque detail that 'A maid ran barefoot and in her smock to Northumbarlin House with the strong box of jewels and most of the plate,' and states, to the credit of the Wyndham couple, that though they lost twenty thousand pounds, 'they were much more concerned for the two poor servant maids who had been killed than for al the other losses.'

And so with that 'We can never get the Duchess of Somerset out !' the struggle ended. The Duchess had been found too strong for them, and with his regular journal to Stella broken off a month

or two later by illness, Swift's allusions to her Grace's persistence in office come to an end. The cleavage in the Ministry began to occupy all his thoughts; how to heal the breach between Harley, to whom he clung with creditable fidelity, and Bolingbroke was soon an anxiety that superseded all others. At the root of that cleavage were Harley's timidity and procrastination. The Queen's health was steadily declining and Bolingbroke, who was bent on the Jacobite restoration with which Harley did but dally, saw with despair that none of the steps which it behoved the party to take with a view to the Queen's demise were being taken. Lady Masham, abandoning her cousin, Harley, took Bolingbroke's side, and if we may believe Swift's correspondent, the Duchess of Somerset—probably for the purpose of splitting the Ministry—worked with her. In a letter written in July 1714, a few weeks before the Queen's death, his correspondent writes 'ye two ladies,' presumably Somerset and Masham, though the reference may more probably be to Lady Masham and the Duchess of Ormond, 'seem to have determined the fall of the Dragon (Oxford) and to entertain a chimerical notion that there shall be no Monsieur le premier, but that all power shall remain in one and all profit in the other. The Man of Mercury (Bolingbroke) soothes them in this notion with great dexterity and reason, for he will be Monsieur le premier then of course, by virtue of the Little Seal.' Finally, in a letter written on August 3, his correspondent says, 'Lord Bolingbroke told me last Friday that he would reconcile you to Lady Somerset and then it would be easy enough to set you right with the Queen and that you would be made easy here.'

A vain hope expressed after the event, and when all was virtually over! For in the meantime that had happened which shattered Bolingbroke's power. The White Staff had been taken from Harley on Tuesday, July 27. On the Wednesday, after a long and stormy meeting of the Council which had kept the Queen from her bed until two in the morning, Anne was taken seriously ill. By Friday she was beyond hope of recovery. On that day Bolingbroke and such members of the Council as had been summoned were sitting at Kensington when their deliberations were dramatically interrupted. The Duke of Somerset and the Duke of Argyll, who had not been summoned, entered and claimed a right to be present. Shrewsbury, who was doubtless acting in collusion with them, rose and bade them welcome. The two Dukes took their seats and at once proposed that Shrewsbury, who was already Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and Lord Chamberlain, should be

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recommended to the Queen for the White Staff. The Council, surprised and overawed, aware that none of the preparations that the Jacobite cause required had been made, gave way, and the three Dukes were admitted to the Queen's Bedchamber. She was dying but she could still speak, and without demur, her hand guided by Harcourt the Chancellor, she placed the Staff in Shrewsbury's hand. With it and by this singular *coup d'état* which Bolingbroke had not the presence of mind to withstand, the direction of affairs passed to the Whig party, and the Protestant succession was secured. Two days later, on Sunday, August 1, the Queen died.

Miss Strickland assumes and Brenan states as a fact that the Duchess of Somerset had been removed from her offices some weeks before and her place taken by the Duchess of Ormond : and that it was the latter who was instrumental in aiding and abetting this dramatic stroke. And we know from the Wentworth papers that the Duchess of Somerset was ill during the spring and early summer of this year. But Boyer on the other hand, and Craik follows him, asserts that Her Grace of Somerset retained her places until the Queen's death. Certainly, it appears to be unlikely that the Duchess of Ormond should have taken the part assigned to her, seeing that her husband was a Tory and believed to be committed to the Jacobite party. But the point is not very material. Whether our Duchess was still at the Queen's side during the last hours of Anne's life, and was the person who incited her husband and Argyll to invade the Council Chamber at the critical moment, is not of first importance. What is important and certain is that it was Elisabeth who, during the last three years of the reign, performed a greater work : who steadied Anne's mind, quieted her uneasy conscience, and by counter-acting Lady Masham's influence withheld the Queen from that decisive step in favour of her father's family which would have rendered a Restoration not only possible but probable. We may conclude too that it was she who inspired her husband to take the firm and creditable part that he played. Therein and beyond all doubt she performed a valuable service to her country. That Swift forfeited his promotion in the Church through her was a minor matter. That the Old Pretender failed of his hopes—this was a great thing, and this too was due in no small, no insignificant a degree to the Lady with the Red Hair.

Queen Anne marked her sense of the Duchess's wise and faithful friendship not only by bequeathing to her—so we are told—part of her jewels : but she bore witness to the Duchess's fidelity by a

more important trust. 'They say too,' Wentworth notes, recording the gossip of the interesting days that followed the Queen's death, 'there was a bundle of papers that the Queen gave to the Dutchess of Summersett sealed up wch she desired might be burnt without looking into; she gave it to the Lords, acquainting them with the Queen's desire, and they did after some debate burn them, without reading them.'

With that gift and that trust, no unimportant one and faithfully fulfilled, Her Grace's public life and her part in history came to an end. We cease to picture her driving in state in her coach and six with her red or yellow liveries by the privileged way across St. James's Park from her apartments in Kensington Palace to her great house by Charing Cross—a house greater now as fire had relieved it of its royal neighbour, Whitehall. The days of her usefulness and her glory were over. Nor was the Duke slow to follow his wife into retirement. He was restored to his old office of Master of the Horse, but two years later his son-in-law, Wyndham, was arrested on a charge of corresponding with the Pretender. The Duke offered his bail, it was refused and he resigned in dudgeon. He appeared for the last time at the Coronation of George the Second at which he carried the orb.

The Duchess lived for seven years after her retirement, closing her romantic and varied career in 1722 at the age of fifty-five. A portrait of her by Lely is, or was, at Alnwick. The Proud Duke survived till 1747, marrying a second wife, who suffered, even more sorely than her predecessor, from his insane arrogance. He quarrelled bitterly with his eldest son, a soldier of some distinction, and would fain have alienated the Percy honours and as far as he could the estates from him. But in the former respect he failed, and after his death the seventh Duke of Somerset was created Earl of Northumberland with remainder to the husband of his only child, a fourth Elisabeth, whose position singularly resembled that of her grandmother. She too was a great heiress, but in one respect she proved to be more fortunate. She made a love-match, marrying indeed beneath her blood and in the face of opposition, but happily and with wisdom. She wedded Sir Hugh Smithson, a handsome Yorkshire baronet, an able and sensible man, who filled with credit the place to which she raised him, and who was eventually created Duke of Northumberland. His wife, known as the 'Jolly Duchess,' was famous even in the outspoken days in which she flourished for the strength and crudity of her language.

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CHARLES.

BY LAURENCE KIRK.

It is extraordinary how people, who at one time were your closest friends, suddenly depart out of your life and leave hardly even a trace of themselves in your memory. Charles Seddon is a case in point. A week ago I could hardly recall a single definite impression of Charles: he was just a name and a blurred recollection, and I did not even know whether he was alive or dead. That sounds as though we had quarrelled. But we hadn't: I should have remembered him better if we had quarrelled. As it was, we had just drifted apart.

Charles and I were school friends at Marlborough: we went up from Marlborough the same term to the same college at Cambridge, and there our friendship continued. It continued when we came down; continued during the period of our first apprenticeship to life; continued even when Charles got married. If anything, it was actually strengthened by his marriage. My flat became their *pied-à-terre* in London. Their house was my country residence. We golfed together, shot together, fished together; and when Charles and his wife went for their annual holiday to Brittany, I generally accompanied them. This condition of intimacy continued for five years: then suddenly it ceased. Curiously enough, almost our last act before drifting apart was to swear a solemn oath that our friendship should continue to the very end of our lives.

. . . I wondered, when it was all over, what it was that had attracted me to Charles. It was proximity, I think, in the first place, and conservatism in the second: we became friends by accident, and remained friends until accident made us go our respective ways. There was really no mutual attraction. Charles required a companion and I had the necessary qualifications: I also required someone to do things with, and as Charles had extremely good shooting and fishing, I was able to overlook the fact that he was pompous and extremely dull.

That was the sort of hazy recollection which I had of Charles up to a week ago. Then something happened to jog my memory, and all sorts of details came tumbling out. I found I had forgotten nothing; the facts were all stored away in my mind, and it only

required a little shaking to open the door and let them loose. I could remember a lot about Charles, and a good deal more about his wife. The truth is that I was just a little bit in love with Charles's wife. To be honest, I distinctly remember that I was vaguely looking for an opportunity of discarding Charles's heavy friendship when he married her. Evelyn Carroll was her name. Of course I had to be his best man; that gave me an opportunity of studying Evelyn, and I immediately decided that she was much too good for him: I also immediately ceased trying to remove Charles from my life. She was a quiet girl, extraordinarily quiet. She hardly had anything to say for herself at all, and yet there was an irresistible attraction about her. I can't exactly define what it was: her figure was neat and supple, but nothing out of the ordinary; she was pretty certainly, but not overwhelmingly pretty; she was quiet and reserved, certainly not vivacious, and rarely entertaining: and yet I could sit at her feet and adore her—and there were quite a number of other men who did the same, while Charles looked on like a proud father seeing his child admired. Evelyn really had missed her period by some fifty or sixty years; with her lovely dairy-maid complexion and modest retiring look, she would have made a splendid heroine for an early Victorian novel; and it is curious that such an almost insipid type should have proved so extraordinarily attractive to the present-day man. It seems to show that the brilliant woman of to-day is admired by the modern man because there is nothing else, and not because he likes it. It certainly is a fact that these up-to-date young women did not admire her; nor could they understand what all these men could see in her. Evelyn knew what they thought. She just flickered an eyelid, and looked more modest than ever; and there simply wasn't enough room for all the men at her feet.

But to return to Charles. What did he think when he saw all his friends fall in love with his wife? He beamed approval. Perhaps he was unselfish, and saw that she seemed to be happier when there were other men to amuse her besides himself. I doubt it. I think Charles was one of those sublimely self-satisfied husbands who imagine that homage paid to his wife is homage paid to him. Anyhow, it never occurred to him to have misgivings—he had too good an opinion of himself for that—and he certainly never realised that the sudden revival of our friendship was entirely due to the fact that I found his wife attractive. He always spoke of her to me as though she were an adorable child who was lucky to have

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the guidance of his mature judgment and experience. He would speak like that in front of her sometimes, and she would just smile—first at him, and then, with an almost imperceptible difference, at me. Then, after dinner, Charles would repose his rather heavy figure in an easy-chair, unfold *The Times* as though he were beginning an arduous day's work, then lean back, holding it in front of him with both hands, and begin slowly and solemnly to read. Now and again he would read a short extract aloud. We were expected to make some suitable comment, and then go on amusing ourselves quietly in a corner. What a fool! I used to think how easy it would be, and how pleasant, to take advantage of his stupidity. The only thing that held me back was Evelyn's sublime innocence. I did not in the least mind taking advantage of Charles's lack of imagination, but I could not take advantage of her sweet and trusting confidence. She had the most wonderful eyes, enormous blue eyes that made me think of Homer's ox-eyed queen. I used to gaze at those lovely honest eyes and wonder—but they never told me what they thought. Still, I was pretty sure she liked me better than the others.

It is nearly ten years since I stayed with them in their delightful house near Lanark. Ten years had made it all dim in my memory, but I have picked it all out piece by piece until I have the picture complete. It was a charming place with the blue hills in front and beech woods all around. On the left was the garden, bounded on the side near the house by a quaint iron grille which showed the mass of colour imprisoned behind: the other three sides were shut in by a high brick wall, toned to grey and dull red by centuries of sun and rain; and beyond that was the ravine and the best salmon pool on the river. The house itself had the usual unemotional look of Scotch houses; it was just a mass of iron-grey stone, relieved by nothing except broad high windows in long straight rows. Inside, however, it was charming. Charles fortunately had inherited, and did not select the furniture.

I often used to persuade myself that even if Evelyn found Charles as tiring as I did she would contrive to discount that by the attractions of this delightful place. But this particular evening I had misgivings. I felt that there must be trouble sooner or later. We were sitting in the library after dinner. Charles was standing with his back to the fire, turning over the pages of some book of reference; if anything, he looked rather more heavy and serious than usual, and I noticed that he had an unpleasant habit

of pushing out his underlip when he drew breath. Evelyn was at the piano, playing softly, and her wide innocent eyes were smiling—unfortunately, not at me—but at Callard, an extremely good-looking and extremely rich young man who was leaning on the piano watching her in an attitude of tragic adoration. No doubt it was that look on Callard's face that prompted my misgivings. Meanwhile Charles found what he was looking for and interrupted.

'You were wrong, my dear.' He began in that heavy solemn tone of his.

Evelyn stopped in the middle of a chord and turned towards him.

'Yes,' Charles went on, 'quite wrong. Lloyd George never was First Lord of the Admiralty, not even before the War.'

'Oh, I must have meant Winston,' said Evelyn lightly.

'But you distinctly said Lloyd George.' Charles's voice had a faint note of reproof.

'Oh, that was stupid of me, darling.'

Thus was Charles's beloved accuracy appeased. He smiled and put the book away, and Evelyn continued the piece where she had left off. She made no comment. However, I thought I noticed a kind of rasping sound as she struck the bass notes; and then she looked up at Callard and smiled that gentle smile of hers.

That was all. I returned next day to London. But I went with the strong impression that if I didn't take advantage of Charles, somebody else would.

But the catastrophe was not what I expected. It was much more immediate, sudden, and terrible than I ever could have imagined. Evelyn was drowned three weeks later when she was crossing with Charles to Havre on their way to Brittany.

The first I heard was a telegram from Charles himself, imploring me to come over at once to see him. He gave no explanation, and it was not till I read an account of the accident in the evening paper at Southampton that I realised what had happened. I was absolutely numbed by the suddenness of the shock, and I had hardly recovered by the time I reached Havre and found Charles. I found him sitting there in his bedroom at the hotel. He was sitting on the bed with his hands clasped between his knees, and his body rocking backwards and forwards as though he were in acute physical pain. He did not move, and it was not till I came and put my hand on his shoulder that he realised my presence.

'This is terrible,' I said. 'My dear fellow, what can I say to you? The paper told me—it's too ghastly.'

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He continued to rock himself to and fro, and for a long time could not give a coherent account of what had happened. He just talked to himself, saying again and again, 'I can't believe it—I can't believe it.'

Then he pulled himself together, and I heard how it happened. It appeared that they had had a very rough crossing. The boat was two hours late in leaving Southampton, and had lost more time on the way, so that, instead of getting to Havre at eight, it was past midnight, and pitch dark, when they arrived. However, they had been all right in their cabin: Evelyn had slept most of the way. It was about ten o'clock when they thought that they must be near Havre, and began to put their things together. Evelyn had just knelt down to repack her dressing-case when she suddenly got up and said she was faint, and must have some fresh air.

'Then,' Charles went on in lifeless tones, 'before I could do anything, she seized her cloak and went out. I didn't think it wise at all, but I couldn't stop her. The last thing she said was "Be a dear, and pack up my things—I'll be all right in a few minutes." That was the last thing she said—the last thing. God! . . .'

The poor fellow broke down again, and it was some minutes before he could resume.

'If only I had gone with her. But—I packed up my suit-case, then I packed her things—you know how unmethodical she is—her things were strewn all over the cabin, and it must have been half an hour before I had finished. I didn't realise she had been away so long, and when I looked at my watch I rushed up on deck. It was dark. I wasted minutes looking for her. Then down in the cabin again, but she wasn't there. Then I said I'd wait five more minutes before telling the officers of the ship, and I sat still counting the seconds, counting the seconds while she—Oh God, it was awful! . . . Then I told the steward, went to the purser; but they wouldn't listen; no cause for alarm, they said. Then we were at Havre, and I rushed about in the crowds of people. . . . They thought I was mad. . . . Not a sign of her. . . . I never believed it myself until they found her cloak caught on one of the davits—it was torn right across the shoulders just as though she had fallen out of it.'

I knew it was useless to try to console him. The only thing was to make him talk.

'Have they found her?' I asked.

'No, they're looking now. . . . It was right out at sea.'

I spent seven of the most miserable days of my life at Havre with Charles. They never found her, and after seven days I made him come back with me to London. He refused to stay, and insisted on going home. I would have gone with him, but I had my work. He had partially recovered when I saw him off at King's Cross: the broken dejected look had disappeared, and already he was fighting his way back to a normal life. He clasped my hand firmly as he went off.

'Thank God I had you there,' he said; 'I should have gone mad, broken down altogether without you. What a friendship ours has been! Tempered like steel. It can never break now—God bless you. . . .'

He promised to write; but no letter ever came, and it was I who wrote twice. Then at last I had a reply. It was written in the stilted pompous style which he always affected, and it showed me that he was recovering. In it he thanked me once more for my services, and said that he was sending me a Ming Bowl, which had been in Evelyn's room, as a token of our great friendship.

The Ming Bowl arrived. It is a lovely piece of work. A most divine blue—the blue of poor Evelyn's eyes—and beautifully designed. It was an ornament which I had always coveted, but I never dreamed that it was to come into my possession in this way. Curiously enough that was about the last I heard of Charles. The Ming Bowl was apparently by way of paying me off. Perhaps I reminded him too much of that terrible week, and he could not think of me without reverting to his sorrow. Perhaps he resented the fact that I had seen him at a moment when his self-esteem and pomposity had been knocked out of him by the utter bitterness of life. In any case the fact remains that he hardly answered my letters, and let me disappear out of his life.

That happened ten years ago.

It was last Monday that Charles returned abruptly and unexpectedly into my thoughts.

I was returning on a bus from the West End to Chelsea. I was in the inside of the bus, which I disliked, because I knew that I should be obliged to offer my seat to some lady within a very short space of time. That does not mean that I would like to let a woman stand while I remain seated: I merely prefer to travel on the top of the bus, where the situation does not arise. . . . Sure

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enough, a few minutes later I was on my feet, with the conductor squeezing past me to collect his fares. It was while I was in this position that I suddenly caught sight of a lady at the end of the row, whose face seemed strangely familiar. The face worried me for quite a time, and I kept wondering where I had seen it before. It was not till she got up and came past me that I realised with a shock which nearly made me sit straight down on the nearest knee, that it was Charles's dead wife.

I was positive. I had seen her features within a few inches of my eyes as she passed, and there could be no mistake. She was a little older. But those large blue eyes, that divine expression! It was unmistakable.

It was Evelyn. And if it was Evelyn, then . . . Without a moment's hesitation I followed her. She went straight along the King's Road to Carlyle Square, then turned to the right and entered a house which had been turned into a block of flats. She took out a latch-key and was just opening the door on the first floor when she caught sight of me. She paused a moment; but her eyes gave no betrayal.

I took off my hat.

'May I have a word with you?' I asked.

She looked at me as though I were an offensive stranger, opened the door quickly and stepped inside: I was just in time to prevent her shutting me out. She was wonderful. We stood facing each other in the hall, and she knew as well as I did that there was no mistake. But she gave no sign.

'Shall I have to call for help?' she said calmly.

'You don't remember me, then?'

'I see I shall have to call for help,' was all she replied.

We stood facing each other for a moment, and it was just a toss up which of us gave way. My position, if anything, was a little more insecure than hers. However, the luck was on my side. The flat was tiny, and I could see right into the sitting-room through the open door. It was a row of photographs that caught my eye.

'If you don't know me,' I asked quietly, 'why is my photograph on your mantelpiece—not to mention one of Charles?'

At that she hesitated, then smiled.

'I think you had better come inside,' she said.

I went in. She shut the door; and I followed her into the room, and there stood for some seconds regarding my own features amongst others on the mantelpiece I did and did not know.

'Please sit down,' she said quietly. 'There are cigarettes in the box.'

I sat down and took a cigarette. Her emotionless eyes were fixed on me, but she said nothing; and I lit the cigarette and took two or three puffs before I felt moved to break the constraint of silence.

'I must apologise for my behaviour,' I said, 'but I don't often meet dead people travelling in buses.'

She nodded.

'And considering,' I went on coldly, 'considering that I spent seven miserable days consoling Charles for your demise, I feel I have the right to ask an explanation.'

Again she nodded.

'Well!' I said.

'Well, I went off with somebody else, that's all,' she said simply.

'Who?'

'Nobody you know—he's dead now.'

That told me a good deal, and there was a moment's silence while we furtively regarded each other. There was a faint trace of amusement in her steady glance when she turned her eyes towards me.

'It might have been you,' she added, 'if you hadn't been so slow.'

I bowed my head in acknowledgment and asked:

'Would you mind telling me exactly how you managed it?'

She picked a cigarette from the box and lit it before making any reply.

'Very well,' she said, 'if it interests you, I will. His name was Jack—that's not his real name, so you needn't try and guess. Well, Jack was travelling from Southampton on the same boat; he had a passport for himself and his wife, and my photograph was on the place where his wife's ought to have been. Very well; at Southampton he came on board with a lady on his arm; she was veiled in black; she was also a little like me in case they made her lift her veil. But they didn't. Once on board she went straight down to the cabin, left her black veil and cloak there, came up again and got off the ship while it was still at Southampton. . . . Need I go on?'

'Oh please do,' I said grimly.

'Just as you like,' she answered, and continued in the most matter-of-fact way, 'Jack told the steward that his wife was ill and not to be disturbed; that was sufficient to prevent the steward

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finding out that she wasn't there. Then, as you know, I left Charles, and as you don't know, went straight to Jack's cabin. There I put on the black cloak and veil, and waited. In the meantime Jack ripped my own cloak up, and hung it on the davit when no one was looking. . . . We were the first to leave the boat at Havre: we got straight into the train, and we could hear Charles making an awful fuss just as we were going off. It was really very simple.'

I was obliged to pause for breath after this barefaced recital.

'And to think that Charles called you unmethodical!' was what I said.

She smiled her sphinx-like unemotional smile, and I went on. 'You're quite pleased about it all.'

'Yes, wouldn't you have been, then, if you'd been Jack? . . . Besides, my dear man, could you have gone on living with Charles?'

'If I had gone as far as to marry him I think I'd have made the attempt,' I said. 'But, leaving that aside, wasn't the manner unnecessarily brutal?'

'No, I don't think so. It would have been much worse if I had gone off in the usual way and left a note for him on my dressing-table. Think of the awful gash in his pride. It would have killed him if he'd thought I could care for any man more than him. As it was it was an act of God—and God is the one Person whom Charles recognises to have rights superior to his own. He would be sorry, of course, just as he would be sorry if he lost a good collar stud; but that would be all. I was merely there to act as a foil to show how he surpassed me in brain, and how clever he was to possess my beauty. Poor Charles. Proud, pompous Charles! He was good and kind and worthy, but—Oh God, he was impossible!'

'And Jack, was it much better with Jack?'

'Yes; Jack was human.'

'H'm, he didn't leave you very well off?'

'No, he was a fool about money; it all went . . . I'd have been better off if I'd run away with you.'

I did not reply. I was thinking what a fool I had been. Not because I had missed my opportunity; for if I was not much mistaken, the opportunity was still there. But because I had been so taken in. Her trustful innocence! Good Lord! If ever there was a cold-blooded calculating egoist, it was she. I little thought when I used to sit at her feet in adoration and gaze at those lovely inscrutable eyes, that all the time she was simply weighing me up as a possible successor to Charles. I could sympathise with

any woman who did that. But the devastating way in which she had done it. The inhuman mechanical exactitude of her scheme. Without hesitation and without regret! And now, her lover dead, here she was undaunted, undismayed, unspoiled, quietly preparing for the next victim. And she was still as damnably attractive; still as modest, still as innocent, still as dangerous! Someone was going to succumb to those steady blue eyes; and if that someone was, like Jack, attractive, and, unlike Jack, not a fool about money, he was doomed. There was no escape from the Circe that dwelt in Carlyle Square.

But it wasn't going to be me! I glanced at the collection of photographs above the fireplace.

'I see I am amongst the also-rans,' I said.

She laughed quietly.

'Oh no, those are the competitors for the next race.'

'What, Charles too?'

'Oh no. . . . He's just to remind me that it doesn't do to act too hastily.'

'H'm,' I said rather bitterly, 'there's little danger of your doing that.'

'I'm afraid you think very badly of me?'

'Oh not at all. Oh no.'

And at that I got up to take my leave. I refused an offer of tea; and as I bowed over her hand, she asked in her most winning tone that I would come and see her. I murmured something indefinite. Then as she held the door open, she asked casually:

'By the way, how is your friend Charles?'

My friend Charles! Her casual indifference was more than I could endure. Surely she might have had the decency to discover about Charles before.

'Oh,' I said coldly, 'Charles is very well. . . . Of course you know he married again six months after you were dead.'

Charles, of course, never did anything of the sort. I merely felt obliged to strike a blow on his behalf; and I could see by the pressure of her lips that the blow went home. However, the betrayal was momentary. As she shut the door, her smiling eyes met mine with their usual untroubled gaze.

A wonderful woman!

But I shall not go to see her: it's too dangerous.

I shall not tell Charles.

Nor shall I give him back the Ming Bowl.

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NEWMAN AND MATTHEW ARNOLD.

BY HENRY TRISTRAM

OF THE BIRMINGHAM ORATORY.

WHEN, in the early summer of 1879, Newman returned to England from Rome, where he had been raised to the purple by the recently elected Pope Leo XIII, feeling, as he expressed it, 'as if it were to my long home—to that home which extends to heaven, the home of our eternity,' the universal welcome with which he was met and the spontaneous outpouring of gratitude from the many who, whether known or unknown to him, owed to his influence much of what they most prized in life, showed that the almost unique honour bestowed upon him possessed a more than ecclesiastical significance and aroused an interest far beyond the limits of his immediate circle. England felt that the honour had been well bestowed and, although for the most part indifferent to his beliefs, rejoiced that signal merit had been signally rewarded. All things combined to show that the years of vigil at Birmingham had not been lived in vain; for more than thirty years circumstances had forced him into comparative seclusion, and now for a brief period changing circumstances summoned him into the light of publicity to enjoy an Indian summer of fame. More particularly it was a season when the memories of many intimacies, shattered by the decisive step of 1845, were renewed, although the 'dear old days' were gone beyond recall and the friendships, broken at the parting of the ways, could never be restored on the old familiar footing.

Perhaps the most pathetic of those whose minds went back to the long-buried past, when their creed could be concentrated into the three words, *Credo in Newmannum*, was James Anthony Froude. In his Essay on the Oxford Counter-Reformation, included among his 'Short Studies on Great Subjects,' and more intimately in his autobiographical novel, 'The Nemesis of Faith,' he has left on record an account of his gradual religious estrangement from his leader—for whom he always retained the most profound reverence—initiated by Newman's teaching on faith, which he only partially understood, increased by Tract 90, and completed by Newman's last University Sermon, 'The Theory of Developments in Religious

Doctrine.' But with his faith in Newman he had lost his faith altogether; and so, on hearing that Newman was to preach in London, he wrote asking the Duke of Norfolk's permission to be present in these affecting terms: 'Since last I heard that musical voice my faith has all been shattered: perhaps if I might hear it again it would at least awaken in me some echoes of those old days.'

Another of those who had, in his early Oxford days, fallen under the spell of Newman's eloquence, but unlike Froude, had never found, nor even sought, admission into his intimacy, was a far more significant person, Matthew Arnold. The Duke of Norfolk gave a reception at Norfolk House in honour of the new Cardinal, to which flocked all those who wished to come, and they were many. Among them was Matthew Arnold.

'I went [he writes in a letter] because I wanted to have spoken once in my life to Newman, and because I wanted to see the house. The house is not so fine as I expected. Newman was in costume, not full Cardinal's costume, but a sort of vest with gold about it and the red cap; he was in state at one end of the room, with the Duke of Norfolk on one side of him and a chaplain on the other, and people filed before him as before the Queen, dropping on their knees when they were presented and kissing his hand. It was the faithful who knelt in general, but then it was in general only the faithful who were presented. That old mountebank, Lord —, dropped on his knees, however, and mumbled the Cardinal's hand like a piece of cake. I only made a deferential bow, and Newman took my hand in both of his and was charming. He said, "I ventured to tell the Duchess I should like to see you." One had to move on directly, for there was a crowd of devotees waiting and he retires at eleven. But I am very glad to have seen him.'¹

Apparently this was the first time that Arnold met Newman, but a few years previously they had been in correspondence with each other. The ice was broken by Arnold who, on the publication of the First Series of his 'Essays in Criticism,' in 1865, sent a copy to Newman inscribed with the words, 'From one of his old hearers.'²

¹ *Letters II*, p. 169.

² This fact he mentions in a letter to his mother. The volume is preserved in Newman's room at the Birmingham Oratory, which still remains, as he left it when he died. The inscription in full runs as follows: 'To Dr Newman with sincere gratitude and admiration from one of his old hearers — the Writer. March 10th 1865.' In subsequent years Arnold sent Newman his *High Schools and Universities in Germany* (1874), *Last Essays on Church and Religion* (1877), *Mixed Essays* (1879).

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Two years later Newman returned the compliment by sending Arnold a copy of his just-published 'Verses on Various Occasions,' which contained all the occasional verses which he had written since his undergraduate days at Oxford, and which he was now induced by the approval of critics, on whom he relied, to collect into a single volume. The gratified recipient wrote to thank him in a characteristic letter, which has hitherto escaped publication :

The Athenæum,
January 20th, 1868.

'DEAR SIR,

I have to thank you for the volume of your collected Poems which you have had the great kindness to send me. I value the gift more than I can well say. I think almost all the more important of the Poems I was already acquainted with, but I am glad of any opportunity which makes me read them again. In addition to their other great merits, I find their simple clear diction come very refreshingly after the somewhat sophisticated and artificial poetical diction which Mr. Tennyson's popularity has made prevalent.

'But the more inward qualities and excellences of the Poems remind me how much I, like so many others, owe to your influence and writings ; the impression of which is so profound, and so mixed up with all that is most essential in what I do and say, that I can never cease to be conscious of it and to have an inexpressible sense of gratitude and attachment to its author ; though I might easily, I fear, grow tedious and obtrusive in attempting to convey to him my acknowledgment of it in words.

'Believe me, dear Sir, with great truth and respect,

'Sincerely yours,

'MATTHEW ARNOLD.'

'The Very Revd. Dr. NEWMAN.'

The correspondence thus initiated was maintained for a few years, but then it seems to have died a natural death.¹

Arnold must have heard much in criticism of Newman from his father's lips at Rugby, but he first came into contact with him, when he went into residence at Oxford as a scholar of Balliol. As an 'Arnoldite' it might have been anticipated that he would have held aloof from the 'Newmanites' or the 'Oxford Malignants,' as Dr. Arnold called them.² But it was not so. Perhaps thus

¹ The letters have been included in *Unpublished Letters of Matthew Arnold*, edited by Arnold Whitridge, Yale University Press, 1923.

² The editor of the *Edinburgh Review* was, according to Prothero's *Life of Dean Stanley*, p. 88 (Nelson's Edition), solely responsible for the title given to Dr. Arnold's article 'The Oxford Malignants and Dr. Hampden.'

early in his life he felt what many years later he expressed : ' Dear Dr. Arnold was not infallible.' As a matter of fact many of Arnold's pupils, when they passed from Dr. Arnold's influence, fell for a time under that of Newman ; and Matthew Arnold was no exception. They admired him as a genius, even though they did not enrol themselves under his leadership. The power that Newman exercised over them was purely intellectual and spiritual ; from the pulpit of St. Mary's he dominated Oxford, and by action or reaction he influenced all the ablest men in the University. Sunday after Sunday he occupied the pulpit, but of the sermons of those latter years few have been published. Arnold was among the most regular of his hearers ; but it was the personality of the preacher, and not his message, that drew him. The impression left upon him, he has expressed in words which are almost too familiar for quotation. ' Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtle, sweet, mournful ? ' His younger brother, Thomas, who heard Newman preach only once or twice, and, so far from being conscious of the refinement and the delicacy of his style, confessed that he was confused and bewildered by his multiplied quotations from Holy Scripture, expressed the same thing in more prosaic language when he says that the source of Newman's power over Matthew lay in his ' perfect handling of words ' and his ' delicate presentation of ideas.' *Le style, c'est l'homme* : the future critic, or, as he called himself in his lectures on Celtic Literature, the ' unlearned belletristic trifler,' was primarily attracted by one who had the rare gift of making the English language the medium through which to express—what almost eludes expression—the mysteries that lie hid in the depths of human consciousness, and which can only be uttered by a master of language.

But although Arnold remained all his life a rebel against Newman's dogmatic system, the attraction must have had a deeper foundation than that urbanity of style which, as he says in his essay on the ' Literary Influence of Academies,' is produced only by ' a miracle of intellectual delicacy like Dr. Newman's.' The connection between the two began, as we have seen, during Arnold's undergraduate days at Oxford. At that time Newman had not reached the zenith of his powers as a writer. His literary output

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was not large and, if we leave out of account some minor productions of more general interest, it consisted almost entirely of technical works, such as the 'Arians,' the 'Lectures on Justification,' etc., which could have made no popular appeal and would certainly have left Arnold unmoved, even if he had been induced to read them. At that time Newman's influence over him must have proceeded from the sheer force of his personality, as it expressed itself in his sermons. Many writers have attempted the impossible task of laying bare the secret of Newman's power as a preacher; and two in particular, as different from one another as Principal Shairp and James Anthony Froude, have emphasised one characteristic to which much of that power was due; he had the almost unique gift of a subtle psychological analysis which made each individual in his audience feel that the secrets of his heart lay open to the preacher's penetrating gaze. 'He laid his finger,' writes Shairp, '—how gently, yet how powerfully!—on some inner place in the hearer's heart, and told him things about himself he had never known till then.'¹ Froude bears the same evidence, when he says that 'he seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us, as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in the room.'² His amazing insight into human life and human character was ultimately due to a singular power of introspection, whereby he was able to lay bare to himself the hidden springs of his own conduct, combined with a comprehensive grasp of the real, the actual, and the concrete; when he seemed to be uttering the experience of others, he was really analysing his own, for human nature is fundamentally, in spite of surface differences, identical in all, and the range of individual experience embraces in general the same field.

There is a famous passage in Arnold's 'Scholar Gipsy,' which at first sight might seem applicable to Newman. Here the poet sets in contrast the calm assurance of the Scholar Gipsy and the intellectual waverings of his own generation, and then he proceeds to delineate the prophet of the age:

' And amongst us one
Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly
His seat upon the intellectual throne;
And all his store of sad experience he
Lays bare of wretched days;

¹ *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*, p. 248.

² 'The Oxford Counter-Reformation.'

Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,
 And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
 And how the breast was soothed and how the head,
 And all his hourly varied anodynes.'

That sincere admirer of Newman, Mr. R. H. Hutton of the *Spectator*, in reviewing¹ the 'Essays, Critical and Historical,' referred to this passage as 'a celebrated poetic portrait of Dr. Newman, drawn while he was still an Anglican.' The picture of spiritual valetudinarianism, as he describes it, given by Arnold, he does not regard as a true description of the Newman of the Oxford sermons, of the poems in the 'Lyra Apostolica,' of the Development of Christian Doctrine, but he thinks it can be explained, if not justified, by the Essays, which, with the exception of the last, were written by Newman as an Anglican, and republished in two volumes in 1871. Hutton implies that the identification of Arnold's prophet with Newman was not peculiar to himself, but of current acceptance. When it appeared in print Arnold wrote to Newman and denied its truth. 'What is said in those lines,' he assures his correspondent, 'is not what I should have said if I had been speaking of you, and I should not like you to think it was; at any rate, said of you it was not; I had quite another personage in my mind.'² In his reply Newman merely thanked him for noticing Hutton's assertion and made no comment on his denial. Whom he intended to depict he nowhere explains, and to-day even conjecture is almost impossible, although his own words make it clear that he had a particular person in view. It would be an exaggeration to say that Newman's departure left Oxford a desert, for many of the colleges were able to boast of men of unusual ability, but certainly no rival succeeded to his vacant throne; his influence was a unique phenomenon. A reader of Clough's poems might suspect that Arnold was referring to the doubts and hesitations of his friend, but when the 'Scholar Gipsy' was written he was too young to hold a dominant position at the University. Mark Pattison would be a less hazardous suggestion, for in spite of his comparative youth he had made his influence felt, and certainly the self-revelation of his Memoirs shows that Arnold's words would not have been inappropriately applied to him.

But from a problem, the key to which is not in our grasp, let us return to the relations between Newman and Arnold. One of

¹ *Spectator*, November 11, 1871.

² *Unpublished Letters*, p. 56.

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Arnold's recently published letters reveals the astonishing fact that Newman was one of the select band of four, to whom Arnold confessed his obligations.

'There are four people, in especial [he wrote to Newman in 1872]¹ from whom I am conscious of having learnt—a very different thing from merely receiving a strong impression—learnt habits, methods, ruling ideas, which are constantly with me; and the four are Goethe, Wordsworth, Sainte-Beuve, and yourself. You will smile and say that I have made an odd mixture and that the result must be a jumble: however that may be as to the whole, I am sure in details you must recognize your own influence often, and perhaps this inclines you to indulgence.'

The reason for his idolatry of Sainte-Beuve is obvious. He was a literary critic, and had done in France, in his voluminous 'Causeries,' what Arnold was, on a smaller scale, attempting to do in England. Wordsworth did not altogether appreciate Goethe, at least in his quality of poet, but Arnold embraced them both within the range of his admiration. Goethe stood for him as the precursor of modern thought, and Wordsworth as a master in contemplation. The former swept with his vision the whole of human life, whereas the latter confined 'his eye on nature's plan'; completeness could, he felt, only be attained if 'Goethe's wide and luminous view' were combined with 'Wordsworth's sweet calm.' But the reason why he included Newman among his masters is further to seek.

Newman and Arnold can hardly be thought of except in terms of contrast; to all outward seeming the two men stand apart from each other as far as pole from pole, and the differences that separate them appear to embrace all the deeper issues of life. At first sight it would seem that the only resemblance between them lay in the fact that they shared the same antipathy. Arnold was always girding at what he called the Philistinism of the country, and Newman, although he avoids the term, plainly anticipated Arnold by a decade in his assault upon the common enemy. Philistinism, as a religious force, is the object of attack in the 'Present Position of Catholics'; Philistinism, as an educational force, is the object of attack in the 'Idea of a University'; and Philistinism, as a political force, is the object of attack in the pamphlet 'Who's to Blame?' This Philistinism manifested itself, so Arnold declares, in 'a defective type of religion, a narrow range of intellect and

¹ *Unpublished Letters*, p. 65.

knowledge, a stunted sense of beauty, a low standard of manners,'¹ and its watchwords were 'the Dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion.'² This was the force, according to Arnold, that broke the Oxford Movement and drove Newman out of Oxford, and this was the force against which they both waged, in their respective spheres, a truceless war, until eventually they dislodged it from its paramount position.

Newman expresses himself as 'sensitively alive to the great differences of opinion' which separated them and, although they occupied a common platform in their assault upon the Philistine, the barrier that divided them remained unsurmountable until the end. Arnold, however, was so conscious of the obligation he lay under, that, when anything he said reminded his readers, either in matter or in manner, of Newman, so far from claiming any originality, he was gratified that he had been able to approximate so nearly to one whose disciple he was proud to be. Nevertheless it is well-nigh impossible to lay a finger on this or that point, to specify this or that principle, and to say that Arnold was here writing under Newman's influence; the impression had gone too deep to be treated in so cavalier a fashion. Arnold himself realised this; their intellectual relationship lay, as he saw, 'in a general disposition of mind rather than in a particular set of ideas.' Newman had given him his intellectual bearings and had provided him with a message of which he could, and did, make himself the organ. It was Arnold the critic of letters, the apostle of culture, upon whom the mantle of Newman fell, and the one burden of his message was that England was in matters of the intellect an integral part of Europe, and that the bonds which had united her to the larger whole in the past should be riveted afresh.

The England of the Victorian age prided herself on her splendid isolation, and appeared to regard the Straits of Dover as the result of a special interposition of Providence on her behalf. Politically her position on the map is not without its blessings, but if we take a wider view it is seen to be fraught with compensating disadvantages. Not the least of these is the persistent tendency to cultural estrangement from the Continent; the seas may separate, but England, as an integral part of Europe, derives its culture from an identical source, and the intellectual lines of communication must be maintained at any cost. This was the principle that the Victorian

¹ *Irish Essays*, Smith, Elder and Co., p. 71.

² *Culture and Anarchy*, p. 23.

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Englishman tended to ignore, and this was the principle that Arnold proclaimed in season and out of season. He was the avowed enemy of the literary *Chauvinism* of his day. Two of his intellectual guides were foreigners: but he admired Sainte-Beuve and Goethe, not because one was a Frenchman and the other a German, but because both belonged to that comity of nations which derives its culture in the last resort from Ancient Greece, and both reflected the Greek spirit. According to his gospel the primary duty of an Englishman was to orientate himself in the wider civilisation, and this duty he proclaimed to a generation, only half disposed to listen, and only partially capable of understanding. In the Philistine England of his day Oxford was an *enclave* in an alien land; she was a solitary outpost in a hostile territory of that European culture which knows not territorial frontiers and distinctions of race, and she was carrying on a ceaseless war with the Philistines who threatened to overwhelm her. Through the classical education she gave her sons, the 'Queen of Romance,' to use Arnold's own poetical title for Oxford, came nearer to the heart of Europe than the rest of the country and, in Arnold's words again, 'Newman, alone in Oxford of his generation, alone of many generations, conveyed to us in his genius that same charm, that same ineffable sentiment which this exquisite place itself conveys.' In the Catholic University of Dublin, Newman attempted to reproduce amid unsympathetic surroundings the spirit of Oxford, but almost the sole memorial of those valiant days and that Herculean struggle against adverse forces is to be found in that much admired but, alas, too-little read work entitled 'The Idea of a University,' which has been described as 'the noblest contribution to the philosophy of education that has been ever made,' and which Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch emphatically declares 'is so wise—so eminently wise—as to deserve being bound by the young student of literature for a frontlet on his brow and a talisman on his writing-wrist.' In this work he maintains, not for the first time perhaps, but more eloquently than ever before, the ideal of culture for its own sake and as an end in itself, and he anticipated Arnold in his specifically Arnoldian message that the 'Apostolic Succession' in culture is to be traced through Rome to Greece, and in particular to Athens.

It might seem temerarious to assert that Newman is the unapproached master of English style, but that he is to be ranked with the very greatest of prose writers, is the view of all the

weightiest critics, and there are no dissentients. It is perhaps a matter for regret that there is no standard of prose-style, but in the eyes of the critics all the great masters fall short of their ideal in one respect or another. Newman stands unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, because his style is distinguished by a combination of their rarer excellences, and his lapses are neither so grave nor so numerous as theirs. His taste is seldom, if ever, at fault. This literary quality Arnold means to ascribe to him when he speaks of his urbanity of style. Urbanity is opposed to provincialism and according to Arnold provincialism is the peculiar snare, in which most writers of English prose are liable to be held captive. The one safeguard against the peril that dogs their steps is to follow the path trodden by the classical writers in all ages, but more especially those of Greece and Rome. The only master of style Newman ever had, as he himself admits, was Cicero; and the only object he set before himself in writing was to express clearly and exactly his meaning in all its shades and with all its subtleties. A writer who makes this his sole object is less likely than others to slip into the provincialism which was so abhorrent to Arnold's sensitive taste; and hence Newman's prose was 'prose without the note of provinciality—classical prose, prose of the centre.' He was loyal to the European tradition, and avoided all that savoured of artificiality or preciosity.

Something would have been lacking if the discipleship begun in the far distant Oxford days and maintained through all the vicissitudes of Arnold's life, had not been crowned by, at least, one personal interview. He had promised himself the pleasure of calling on Newman when he went to Birmingham to lecture in 1871, but other engagements absorbed his time; they came together for a brief moment, as we have seen, at the Duke of Norfolk's reception in 1879; but towards the end, when the evening of life was fast closing in upon them both, they met one another in comparative privacy for the first and only time. It was at the house of Lord Coleridge, the son of the judge who had lectured Newman at the Achilli trial, and the brother of the distinguished Jesuit. So time has its revenges. The account of the interview is best given in the words of Lord Coleridge's son.

'Matthew Arnold and the Cardinal met for the first time at my father's house; I do not know whether they ever met again. They had each expressed a wish to meet the other, so my father arranged it apparently by accident. With perfect taste and by

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common consent they talked together as a pair of ripe scholars, and no one would have supposed they were not old and familiar friends. They even with great urbanity delicately quizzed each other, though Matthew Arnold never for a moment departed from the sort of attitude of a favourite pupil discoursing playfully with an honoured master. They parted manifestly delighted with each other, and subsequently they each in turn expressed the pleasure they had found in the society of the other.' ¹

One feels that this happened exactly as it ought to have happened, and it was typical of their attitude towards one another from the moment when Arnold took the first step by sending Newman his 'Essays in Criticism'; Arnold was always the disciple, and Newman the master. 'The champion of a cause,' as Arnold describes Newman in the course of his lectures on Celtic Literature, when no doubt he is referring to the Catholic Church, 'more interesting than prosperous—one of those causes which please noble spirits, but do not please destiny, which have Cato's adherence, but not Heaven's,' had few things in common with one whose somewhat capricious theology, purged of dogma and miracle, recognised in the place of God only an impersonal tendency, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness. Their paths in life were widely divergent; but in their common devotion to all that may be embraced under the term 'culture'—a term which nowadays has somewhat lost caste—and in their common appreciation of each other's merits as a champion fighting for the same ideals in an indifferent, if not hostile, generation, they found a kind of neutral territory, remote from the clamour of theological strife, on which they could meet as fellow combatants for the same cause. The mutual condescension, one might almost say, the mutual forbearance, which led them to ignore the yawning chasm that lay between them, was a noble tribute of respect to the faith and tradition of Oxford, the common nursing-mother of them both, who had given herself time and again to causes of which neither could approve—'only never to the Philistines.'

¹ *Memories, Stephen Coleridge*, p. 55.

MADRID AND ITS LIFE TO-DAY.

MADRID is probably the most difficult city in Europe to describe to those who do not know it. Perhaps a correct impression can best be gained by a process of elimination, for it is not mediæval like Toledo, nor Arabiclike Seville, nor essentially modern like Barcelona: it has an atmosphere of its own which some travellers have compared to Washington, for both cities are capitals and very little else. In most Spanish towns one is enveloped in the memories of some one particular epoch of the country's history, such as the Ommeyad Caliphate if one is at Cordoba or the earlier days of Castille at Burgos, but Madrid is not specifically identified with any historical event except the rising against Napoleon on the famous May 2, 1808. It was raised by Charles I from the rank of a small town to that of the capital of a world-wide empire, and—save for a few years in the reign of Philip III—the capital it has since remained although the empire has almost disappeared. Madrid was intended to be artificial, for it was the symbol of united Spain in much the same way as Canberra is to typify the Commonwealth of Australia. Burgos would have alienated Aragon just as Zaragoza would have disgusted Castille, so—as was done in Australia for the same reason—a new capital was chosen which should not revive old animosities. Madrid has always been under the influence of the events which raised it above its neighbours, and to-day it is still known as 'La Corte.'

The transitoriness of its inhabitants is another fact that separates Madrid from the other capitals of Europe. Most of the people who live in London regard it as their home, and the only exception is that rapidly dwindling class who can afford to keep up two establishments. The man or woman whom one meets in London has in the majority of cases no interests or ties elsewhere—he or she is assumed to be a Londoner unless some claim is made to the contrary. In Madrid this is very far from being the case, and in the upper and middle classes at least most people are very definitely 'from Andalucia, or Galicia,' or some other province. Provincial feeling exists in Spain to an extent which it is sometimes difficult for a foreigner—especially if he be an Englishman—to grasp, and the grandees themselves are not ashamed to speak with the accent of the district of which they are natives. Paris and London are so

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vast that they reduce their inhabitants to a dead level of uniformity, but Madrid does not have the same effect, partly because it is so much smaller, but chiefly because the Spaniard is a far greater individualist than the modern Englishman or Frenchman. People flock to Madrid from all over Spain because it is the administrative centre of the kingdom, and a government appointment is the goal of every Spaniard, but the number of real 'madrileños' is very limited. Madrid is thus like Dublin or Edinburgh rather than London, for in Ireland and Scotland the part of the country a man 'comes from' is of vastly more importance than it is in England, and the result has been to enhance its inherent differences from other capitals.

From the material standpoint Madrid is changing so rapidly that the guide-books of ten years ago are already obsolete. The old buildings which were typical of the city so recently as the close of the nineteenth century are rapidly disappearing before the style of architecture which seems destined to reproduce Kingsway and Regent Street in every city in the world. It is presumably inevitable that in an age of standardisation architecture should not escape the general tendency: it was so in the days of the Roman Empire, and it is consequently not surprising that Ottawa should come to resemble London in the twentieth century, just as London probably resembled Antioch in the second. In Spain this tendency is the more noticeable in that it has not operated gradually as elsewhere: old Madrid has disappeared almost within a decade, whereas old London has been passing away for nearly a century. The older streets and buildings are being ruthlessly pulled down to make way for the new arterial roads such as the Gran Vía, of which two sections are finished together with block upon block of magnificent shops and hotels. The old Calle de Alcalá is now flanked along almost its entire length by palatial buildings, and in the suburbs a perfect frenzy of edification is to be observed everywhere. At the same time those who prefer the old city of Lope de Vega and Velasquez can still leave the twentieth century behind them by turning into the Plaza Mayor or walking along the Calle de Toledo. The Puerta del Sol is still the Piccadilly Circus of the Spanish capital, and it is difficult to believe that any external alterations will ever really change its character any more than they have that of its English equivalent. Yet it would probably not be too much to say that if King Alfonso XII were to walk about the streets of his capital to-day he would very soon be lost, so greatly has Madrid changed and so rapidly is it still changing.

The open spaces remain the same as they have been for many years, with the exception that a very fine equestrian statue of King Alfonso XII now stands in the ' Retiro '—the Hyde Park of the city. In the centre of the park one might well be many miles from Madrid, and it is so pleasingly situated that it is little wonder that the Count-Duke of Olivares persuaded Philip IV to build a palace there in order that his mind might the more easily be diverted from the affairs of state. The weak but well-meaning Planet King was soon eclipsed in the European firmament by the Roi Soleil of France, and to-day his palace has disappeared as completely as the proud House of Austria itself. ' El Buen Retiro ' once sheltered the titular King James III of England when he came to Spain in 1718 on what he fondly hoped would prove to be his way to Saint James's; but the grounds are now a public park and the few remaining buildings are used for exhibitions. When the old Alcázar on the other side of Madrid was destroyed by fire in the reign of Philip V the present Royal palace was built on its site, and in it the monarchs of Spain have since resided. Fallen greatness makes an irresistible appeal to human nature, and in spite of the lapse of time it is difficult in a walk in the Retiro not to dwell for a few moments on those who took their pleasures there so long ago—on Philip IV, whose heavy yet pathetic face has been made familiar to us from youth to age by the brush of Velasquez, on ' Charles the Bewitched ' and his unhappy French queen, and lastly upon poor Mr. Misfortunate—the noblest of all the House of Stuart. All have vanished from the shades of the Retiro, and in their place are the swarms of happy children with whom lies the future of the Spain which the Hapsburgs, with the notable exception of the present Queen-Mother, never could or would understand.

The traveller who confines his attention to the material side of Madrid will, however, be ready to leave the city within forty-eight hours of his arrival, for he will find infinitely more to detain him in a dozen other Spanish towns. In this perhaps more than in anything else Madrid is typically Spanish, for to the Spaniard of all ages man himself is more important than the buildings he erects or the theories he evolves. Whatever differences there may be between the Spanish temperament of to-day and that of the past, this intense interest in mankind has remained unchanged: it is the same on the canvas of Goya as on that of Evaristo Valle, and it has equally attracted Lope de Vega and Jacinto Benavente, Cervantes and Pérez Galdós. Thus to understand Madrid in a more than purely superficial manner one must live its life more completely than would be

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necessary in the case of London or Paris, but to have done so is to have surrendered oneself to an enchantress who will never abandon her influence. Perhaps it is the attraction of the East which is never absent in any part of the Peninsula, but whatever the reason may be it is a fact that Spain assimilates the foreigner more completely than any other country in Europe, with the possible exception of Russia. Many of her greatest men have been aliens, and this only serves to emphasise the all-important point that in Spain the man is and always has been prized far above the machine.

The 'madrileño' is essentially a helioler. In the rain, Madrid is one of the most depressing cities in Europe. The cafés are draughty and badly ventilated inside, and with the rain a gloom falls upon the entire population. Indeed the rapid emptying of the streets in case of a shower recalls the effect of the air-raid warnings in English towns during the war—everyone flies to the nearest shelter until the danger is past. When the sun shines the café is at its best, and in the cafés the real life of Madrid is centred. They are almost exactly what the coffee-houses of London were in the days of Addison, and each has its own particular class of clients. In one a group of legitimists will talk of Don Jaime de Borbón as His Catholic Majesty, while in another a few doors away the theories of Marx will be vehemently canvassed. The poets congregate in one café, the dramatists in another, so that in each there is a small circle which forms a nucleus. Just as in London the imposing clubs of Pall Mall and St. James's Street grew out of the old coffee-houses, so exactly the same thing is taking place in Madrid to-day. Within the last twenty years a number of clubs have come into existence, and almost without exception they had their origin in a group of men who were in the habit of meeting daily in the same café. The Spaniard is naturally gregarious, and his clubs have none of that austerity which is so prominent a characteristic in those of England. In Madrid a man does not go to his club to avoid his fellow-men as in London, but to meet them, and this fact explains much of the difference between the two cities. England is thickly populated, and as it is by no means easy to be alone, it has become the aim of large numbers of people to be so at every possible opportunity: in Spain the position is reversed, and the result is the difference between a Spanish club and an English one.

There are, however, two Madrids—the one cosmopolitan and the other Spanish. Within the last few years the structural alterations already described have resulted in the appearance of some large hotels where life is conducted upon purely cosmopolitan lines.

'*Thés Dansants*,' American Bars, and all the other appurtenances of modern civilisation are there to delude the unsuspecting foreigner into the belief that Madrid is much the same as any other European or South American city, yet in reality nothing could be further from the truth. It is possible to live in one of the big hotels the same life as one would in Berlin or New York, and with those who wish to do so one has of course no quarrel, but do not let them say that they are living the life of Madrid or that they know Spain. It may be that in ten or twenty years the position will be different, but at present cosmopolitanism is in Madrid a thing apart. The international hotels are no more Spain than Soho is England, and although very many Spaniards are to be found in them, they go there for the same reason that an Englishman takes his dinner in Dean Street—for a change. To see the real life of Madrid one must do as the '*madrileño*' does: one must do one's '*paseo*' between 1.0 P.M. and 2.0 P.M. and 7.0 P.M. and 8.0 P.M. along the Carrera de San Jerónimo, through the Puerta del Sol, and back by the Calle de Alcalá. One must lunch at two o'clock and dine at half-past nine, and on Sunday after Mass one must walk in the Paseo de la Castellana. If one is English one will be expected to show some interest in football, which is rapidly ousting the old '*corrida de toros*' in popular favour. At the same time the '*madrileño*' is no slacker, for the shops are open until eight o'clock and the English feast of Saturday afternoon has no place in the Spanish calendar. If one attempts to be cosmopolitan one may well dislike Madrid and one will certainly never understand it. Live its own life and you will get to know it—and that is to love it.

If Madrid is typically Spanish in that its real interest lies not in its material progress but in the life of the crowds who throng its streets, so also is it a microcosm of Spain in being overwhelmingly masculine. The first observation which the English traveller will make upon arriving in Madrid for the first time will be to remark upon the preponderance of men in the streets and cafés. More nonsense has probably been written about the position of women in Spain than any other aspect of the life of the country, but one fact at least is clear, and it is that in no other nation has woman individually counted for so much and women collectively for so little. The number of women who have influenced the course of English history can be counted on the fingers of one hand, while in Spain it is legion: yet they never have acted—and it is not in their nature to act—collectively. The Spanish woman exerts her influence individually through her husband or her son, and whether that or

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the English way be preferable each observer must judge for himself—according to his previous prejudices on the subject. Socially the position of women in Madrid is changing, but the Spaniard of either sex is a realist of simple tastes, and the Spanish woman shows no desire for the extravagant luxury which has made her foreign sister the butt of the satirist. Perhaps one reason is that the middle-class woman in Madrid has less spare time. As there is no female surplus every girl has at least a chance of getting married, and as a result spinsterhood is rare. Families are larger than is now the case in the Anglo-Saxon countries, and the wife does more of the work of the house. Furthermore every 'madrileño' returns home to his lunch, and consequently her domestic duties combined with the absence of sports and games keep the Spanish woman indoors to a greater extent than is now usual elsewhere. On the other hand, if feminism is not the political force that it is in England, there are in existence regulations regarding the 'accouchement' of working women of which any country in the world might be proud. National character, in effect, combines with economic forces to make Madrid as masculine as Paris and London are the reverse.

Undoubtedly the strongest Spanish institution to-day is the family, and in it lies the strength of Spain. Divorce does not exist, and even separations 'a mensa et thoro' are both uncommon and regarded with aversion. It is difficult for the foreigner to understand how strong these family ties are, for in the rest of Europe they perished in the war. One feels that one is back in the world of Trollope, and in reality one is. The mother is the moving spirit in the household as in France, and the members of it think and act as a family in all things. This attitude may seem a strange one to find characteristic of the most individualistic nation in Europe, but it is not really such a paradox as may at first sight appear. To the Spaniard his family comes first, and then his town; after that his province, and only last of all his country. In his nature he possesses that anarchic strain which prevented the Arab from founding a durable polity, and like the Arab his first duty is to his family. This conception underlies the whole social life of Madrid. There are innumerable cafés where men will drink—very moderately, for the Spaniard is no tippler—and smoke for hours at a time, but there are very few restaurants where one can obtain a meal, and such as there are do not attract many Spanish clients. The importance of the family has quite naturally led to the apotheosis of the child, and the children are the real rulers of Madrid. Every open space is their empire, and although they may at first sight appear to

be spoilt, yet the family life is so complete that the ensuing contact with their parents generally renders them precocious for their years.

The social life of Madrid in other ways resembles that of any other capital save that the commercial class is small. The Royal Family move about with far less ceremony than in London, although the Court etiquette is rigid enough on official occasions. The aristocracy has managed to retain both its influence and its wealth, and practically every family of note has an establishment in Madrid. During the months of August and September every 'madrileño' who can afford it takes his family to San Sebastian, and for eight weeks the capital is deserted: then at the beginning of October comes the rush back, and by the end of the month Madrid is normal once more.

For some reason which it is difficult to understand the Spanish capital has never received the attention it deserves as an intellectual centre, yet few cities pay so much homage to culture of all kinds. The University was founded at Alcalá by Cardinal Cisneros, and was transferred to Madrid in 1837: to-day it can bear comparison with any other in Europe. Of course, like practically all foreign universities, it does not enjoy the autonomy of Oxford and Cambridge, and it is a little strange to English eyes to see a general from the Military Directory presiding at the inauguration of the academic year. This is not, however, a symptom of militarism, for the general comes merely as the representative of the government, and under the old Parliamentary régime a minister always performed this office. Women as well as men are undergraduates, and it is interesting to note the large number of South American students who come to Madrid in the same way as the Rhodes scholars go to Oxford. In Spain all those who live south of the Rio Grande are known as 'americanos,' while the inhabitants of the United States are called 'yanquis'—a distinction which is liable to lead to confusion unless it is kept in mind. The undergraduates in Madrid find their own lodgings, and in that as in many other respects they resemble more the undergraduates of London than those of Oxford and Cambridge. Medicine is perhaps more studied in Madrid than any other subject, but all branches of learning are well represented. Indeed, the academic activity in every sphere, combined with the unflinching courtesy of the authorities towards members of foreign universities, makes one regret that the relations between the English and the Spanish seats of learning are not closer.

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In addition to the Universities there are numerous Reales Academias which deal with every aspect of human knowledge. In some ways they resemble our own Royal Societies, except that their meetings are more frequent and their lectures are less technical in their character. Some of these Academies have had a continued existence of more than two centuries, and at the head of them stands the Real Academia itself which was founded by Philip V in imitation of the Académie Française. Indeed the Spanish Bourbons have always been patrons of the arts whatever their merits or demerits as rulers, and King Alfonso XIII is no exception. His Majesty and the members of the Royal Family are often to be seen at the various lectures which are continually taking place, for Madrid is a city of lecturers and lectures. Society is limited in numbers as in London a century ago, and everyone who lays any claim to culture goes to two or three lectures a week. The educated Spaniard is no great reader of books : his whole training is to give him a decided partiality for oral methods of acquiring knowledge, and even at the schools and Universities the written examination is practically unknown. Consequently the type of man or woman who in England would buy an historical or scientific book and read it quietly at home in the evening would in Madrid go to one of the numerous lectures which are duly given prominence in the daily newspapers. Of course such a state of affairs is only possible in a relatively small and leisured city, but it does enable culture to be acquired under pleasant circumstances, and for that reason alone more people seek to acquire it than would probably otherwise be the case.

Ever since the days of Cervantes and Lope de Vega the capital of Spain has been a magnet for those who possessed genius or imagined that they did, and it is so to-day. London segregates in Chelsea or elsewhere its aspirants to literary or artistic fame, but in Madrid they are to be found everywhere. An English author is generally as unapproachable as the Dalai Lama himself, but in Spain the greatest genius will welcome you to a chair by his side in the café after the briefest acquaintance. Whatever may be the political future of Spain, it is impossible not to place the most complete confidence in her intellectual renaissance, and it only needs the mention of a few names to prove it. In dramatists like Jacinto Benavente and Martinez Sierra, whose philosophy is so widely different and yet so essentially national, Spain has two writers of world-wide fame, and Muñoz Seca is proving that it is possible to give a modern comedy another interest than the pornographic. In

art Evaristo Valle—some of whose pictures were recently shown in London—has proved that the school of Goya is still vigorous, while Sancha, who has lived so long in England that he has almost become an Englishman, has few equals in his own line. In other departments of culture modern Spain can equally hold her own: Mada-riaga, Altamira, Azorín are names that require no explanation, while Ibañez and Unamuno were in the foremost rank before they were claimed by politics—ever the enemy of literature. Most typically 'madrileño,' although he never forgets his native Estre-madura, is Professor Perez-Bueno, the friend of Signor Mussolini and the Père Joseph of General Primo de Rivera, who may be well described as the philosopher of Fascismo. These men all look upon the capital as their home, and they influence its daily life.

No description of Madrid or its life can be complete without a mention of the Prado: to omit any allusion to it would indeed be *Hamlet* without the Prince. Like most other collections it varies greatly in quality, yet it seems incredible that it should once have been offered to the British government for a paltry £50,000—one would like to know on what grounds so tempting a bargain was refused. At present the whole collection is being rearranged, and when that work is completed the Prado will more than ever be the real glory of Madrid.

At the present moment the Spanish capital is in a state of material and psychological transition, and in this, too, it is typical of Spain. The old Madrid of Pérez Galdós has vanished for ever, and the new one which is rising from its ruins is not quite sure of its future. The Spaniard has not yet wholly freed himself from the effects of the reaction against the old proud claim to dictate to the world. Few nations have fallen so far or so fast as did Spain in the ninety years which elapsed between the invasion of Napoleon and the loss of the last colonies after the unsuccessful war with the United States. The Spaniard, being above all else a realist, became a sceptic, and even when things go well with him he cannot rid himself of the conviction that it is the lull before the storm. So Madrid and its life reflects this battle between hope and uncertainty in which victory is slowly inclining to the former. Every year more travellers, mostly 'americanos,' come to it, and it may well be that one day it will become the capital of a spiritual empire far wider than even its creator, the Emperor Charles, ever imagined to be possible.

CHARLES PETRIE.

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THE OLD LONDON COAL-CART.

BY AILEEN ORR.

ALL Londoners know the old coal-cart laden with sacks drawn by one of the veteran cart-horses and driven, or, more literally speaking, steered by a weary back-bent figure of a man who is usually half asleep. How that heavy hoof goes 'clack, clack' . . . and echoes itself through the street in the morning, in the early afternoon, and at sundown, always at the same even sound and pace, never fast enough to waken the slumbering driver. So used to it are the people in the houses that they never notice it except now and then when the cry of 'Coal! Coal!' will bring a head to the street level from a basement at this reminder that scuttles are empty.

Chelsea in particular seems to abound in such traffic. Innumerable coal-carts simmer there from somewhere to melt away singly down side streets, crescents and squares, carrying their loads to their separate destinations.

In one of these crescents in Chelsea there lived James Melville and his wife Mary. They were 'comfortably off' and, having no children, could afford to spend their money on impulse. Eccentric? Not exactly; but they were unlike the average person—if there is an average for people at all—*how* far unlike will be easily judged by this little story.

It was October in London—October, the twilight of summer. A good time really for those in town. The air was soft and melted in one's mouth after the August heat; the mellow autumn sun soothed where the other had scorched. Leaves reddened and rusted on trees and walls. Shop-windows bulged with heaviest fruit and flowers—ripe melons, pineapples, pears, chrysanthemums and dahlias. Women had taken the last wear out of their straw hats and summer frocks, and were filtering into felts and tweeds.

James and his wife had just returned from the country, where they possessed rather a model place in its own way with rough shooting, a little fishing, and tenants' cottages.

The house in the Crescent felt substantial, but dark and dingy. James gazed philosophically out of his window at the people hurrying by to omnibuses and tubes. Time here mattered more.

In the country during a holiday one only considered the hour hand of the clock going peacefully round ; but in London there was the second hand to be reckoned with. He compared also this little patch of smoke-smeared sky visible over the houses opposite—only just visible because of their height—compared it to the expanse of that blue all-over-everywhere and the green stretching wide below. These grey roads . . . with those sunny lanes and black-berry hedges.

'Are you glad to be back?' asked his wife suddenly, as if she had been thinking with him.

'I am focussing myself in,' James replied. 'Town has its charms of course. I've got a neater, more pulled-together-well-groomed kind of feeling. Never have fancied myself in "plus fours."'

'Yes, indeed London is truly lovely now—all to ourselves,' murmured his wife, joining him at the window.

'Only a paltry seven millions or so besides,' corrected he.

'So easy to get about,' she.

'Nearly every street up for repairs again,' he.

'Hardly any traffic,' she.

'Except coal-carts—by Jove, there he goes!' exclaimed Mary's husband with animation, 'that same man, same cart, same horse—Heavens! does he never get a holiday?'

She—'I wonder!'

'Do you know, Mary, I seem to have seen that coal-cart go by day after day, year in, year out, always at the same "clack, clack." The horse sleeps, the man sleeps, the cart sleeps. They walk in their sleep! The sound of it makes me sleep.'

Mary looked thoughtful. 'I think it would be undignified for those lovable old carts to hurry,' said she, taking a different tone. 'It would shock me as much as if a funeral were to break into a gallop—or if Grand-aunt Jane took to smoking cigarettes. There is something noble in those old vehicles. Haven't you ever really noticed the elegant shape of the cart? its lines and curves? and the darling heavy horses, with patient eyes looking over their nose-bags—waiting, waiting till the last sack has left its burden and joined its nineteen other empty friends lying in the cart? Almost the last horses of their generation, as motors whizz by with the air superior of the modern young maid to the matron. It would spoil the streets of Chelsea to replace them with hideous motor lorries.'

'The coal-man does not care about that,' said James; 'he must

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long for a brisk canter. Why doesn't he break out suddenly and bolt—just to relieve the tension of it! Milk-carts jingle and rattle merrily; the butcher's boy gallops by in a racy manner, blue apron flapping—hatless, just grazing the kerbstone every time he turns a corner; the baker's boy whistles as he tosses his loaves into the basket and children hover near to sniff the hot bread—a goodly “savour of a sweet smell” only equalled by that of roast beef on Sunday mornings after church.’

‘Yes, their work has its compensation. A coal-man is too weary of his unloading to hasten home,’ agreed Mary.

‘In the blazing heat of July,’ continued James, as if Mary had not spoken, ‘and of August—the sun streaming on to the glistening coal, the sacks toppling their hundredweights down into area cellars—the black dust rising in volumes. Cook counts the sacks, the man emerges from the pit, the whites of his eyes turn towards her—for all the rest is black—as he hands a grimy paper to be signed. He leans against the basement door for support in an attempt to straighten his bent back—heaves a sigh, and, lifting his hat, sweeps the perspiration from his forehead with the back of his hand—and a streak of white now shows the man's true colour. “Good afternoon, miss!” and turning on his heel he mounts trudgingly the area steps and on to his box-seat. The “clack, clack” is renewed with just a little lighter gait.’ So James continued: ‘On wet days—pouring, relentless rain—he is still moving on—except that this time an empty sack is covering his head. The misery—the dirt—the discomfort of it! Begrimed face, hands, hair. Think of his wife, if he is a married man . . . his return home in the evening, if they run to meet him—the children. He could not lift them up in his arms to kiss them. Perhaps they have golden hair, rosy cheeks, blue eyes. Perhaps he has——’

‘James, dear!’

‘I cannot stand it—it can't go on—it drives me mad to see it. How can I enjoy my own clean clothes, or my bed—or my bath, when I think of him? Poor chap, Mary, something must be done.’

‘But, James, it is, after all, his means of livelihood. He probably thinks himself fortunate to have such regular work and good pay.’

‘That makes it worse—because it is only too true. Pay? Yes! Do you know that somewhere there was a particular sewer being made where the fumes were so deadly that those who worked upon it knew that after a given time, and not a very long time

either, it meant certain death for the men who took on the job ! And yet there were so many after it, because *the pay was so high*, that there was always a long waiting list !

Mary's eyes grew soft and sympathetic. She slipped her hand through his arm, and they turned away from the window.

The maid came in to draw the curtains.

'By the bye, Mary,' said James, 'are we wanting any more coal just now ?'

'We happen to be ordering some to-morrow, sir,' she replied.

'Good,' said he. 'Then tell 'em I'll speak to the coal-man when he comes, will you ?'

The maid concealed her curiosity, and knelt down to make up the fire.

'This way, please,' said Kate to the coal-man next morning, 'and not my best mat for those boots, please.'

'Give us a charnst, miss,' came the glib reply. 'You don't 'arf jump at a feller, you don't !'

'I'm sorry, but I've just done my steps. See ?'

'Right you are ! Only tip us the wink next time you're havin' company, and I'll sport me Sunday best.'

A row of even white teeth came in sight for a moment, and Kate's eyes twinkled in reply, for in truth she felt no real aversion to this hefty visitor, whose cheery voice belied his evil-looking exterior.

She led him up to her master's study and announced him ceremoniously.

James looked decidedly brighter than he had on the previous evening. 'Come in,' he said ; 'I would like a few words with you.'

The coal-man's jocular mood had departed with Kate, and as he stood fidgeting with his hat, James felt the difficulty of explaining his point now that he found himself face to face with the object of his pity.

'There is something decidedly wrong——' he began awkwardly.

'With the weight, sir ?' said the man. 'The order was one ton, and one ton you have in the cellar, sir, to the last nob.'

'You're an honest, good fellow, I'm sure—but you misunderstand me. I will explain—er—won't you—sit down ?'

For the second time that day the coal-man felt conscious that he was not suitably attired, but now he did as he was told without protest, and placed himself carefully on the edge of a leather chair, with his feet drawn as far out of sight as possible.

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Then followed questions concerning his work, his home, his family—personal questions, very, but put in so kind and sympathetic a manner that, as he expressed it afterwards to his 'missus,' he 'couldn't take no offence like.'

'He asked me if I was *happy*—fancy a gentleman like 'im asking a bloke like me if I was happy! and wot's more, he looked as if he wanted to know . . .'

'Wot did you say, Bill?' and his missus—a timid little slip of a woman—scanned his face as if the question was new to her too.

'I said I'd never giv'n it a thought,' replied Bill, as he tapped the tobacco out of his pipe.

'Did you tell the gentleman you and me couldn't help the strikes—that we had to do what the others did?'

'He didn't say nothink about strikes—he's not that sort,' said Bill wisely. 'He was thinking all the time about the coal-dust, and how you and the children would like to see me the same colour on week-days as I am on Sundays!'

Then Bill told her of James Melville's beautiful plan about the country—the vision that had evolved itself in James's mind for them, and was to bear fruit at last in their lives. There would be a little white house for the coal-man and his family to live in, where everything would wash. There would be a tiled kitchen with shining pots and pans and a gas stove. Bright curtains would hang in the windows, and there would be a bathroom with a white enamel bath and untarnishable taps supplied with hot water by a geyser. A garden with flowers for the children—even some chickens and a dog. A cow. A school not too far off. Work for Bill on the estate and good pay . . . but NO COAL.

'You'd be giving up the coal then?' asked the woman anxiously.

'That's right,' said he, conclusively.

'Well, wot did you say you'd be doing?'

'Wot d'yer think? Said I'd arsk my missus.'

The woman turned instinctively to her children. There were four of them. 'Ere, 'Erby!' she said. 'Would you like to live in the country and pick flowers and see the birds in the trees?'

A sharp-eyed little Cockney looked up. 'Wot!' said he—'win you can git the whole Zoo for sixpence!'

'Get along with you!' said his father, highly pleased with this bright retort from his son. Then—after a pause, punctuated with puffs of pipe—'Well, missus, wot's it to be?'

'As you leaves it to me—I don't mind if we go,' said she.
And that settled it.

Before October was out the ideal home was ready, and the coal-man and his family were comfortably installed. All happened to fulfil James's keenest hopes. Bill had taken to gardening, and showed promise at all out-door work. His wife, instead of shopping 'up the Cut' or 'down the North End Road,' stepped into her own kitchen garden for a cabbage or a head of celery. Instead of the washing dripping over their heads in their only living-room, as it had had to do in London, it dried white and sweet in a field, out in the pure open air.

James and Mary could not resist journeying down to see them in the new setting, and had returned to town again modestly content and full of quiet joy. They lingered over their tea downstairs to talk it over together once more.

'His hair was quite fair with a golden glint in it, Mary—did you notice?' said James exultantly. 'I thought it might be so. And his two boys—sturdy, smart little chaps—are like him.'

'Dear James,' said Mary tenderly, 'how good you are! You were right. It is a better life—and they are happier now than they ever hoped to be.'

'Thank you for that, Mary,' said he emotionally. 'Honestly, I shall sleep to-night, and bath and dress to-morrow with a better conscience than I have enjoyed for months.'

So saying, James strolled towards the window and looked out on to the dimly lit street. The lamps opposite were blurred in a good old Chelsea river mist. Hush! James's heart stood still. Hark! what sound was that? Coming nearer and nearer—as the sound of The Bells had come to the hero of that sad and famous play—there fell on the ears of our hero that ominous familiar 'clack, clack'!

With a little groan he peered into the mist, and out of it loomed *another* coal-cart, with *another* man upon it!

Quite six months passed before one cared to mention coal to James Melville at all, when one day something happened to reconcile him to the fact that he could not send all city toilers to cottages in the country.

He was walking along Oakley Street when he just happened up against a man who was unloading some sacks of coal. He was

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seized with a burning desire to probe this man. Speak he would, and ask him if he liked his job. It was to be the last and only time that he would interfere with a coal-man as long as he lived.

The man put down his sack and answered readily that he was getting on all right. He *hoped* so. The fact was he had not been very long at it. He was not a townsman, and would still be on his farm if it hadn't been for a friend who had advised him to better himself.

'Someone actually advised you to leave a farm for *this*?' said James, aghast.

'Surely,' answered the other. 'It was a bloke wot had been on this shift hisself. He told me to try it. "Reel Life," he says to me—them's his words. Then his missus gets talking to my missus and telling her of the Pictures and North End Road of a Saturday night . . .'

'Was he a gardener—your friend?' faltered James, his heart slowly sinking.

'That's right, sir! A chap wot lives in a white cottage—and he don't 'arf make us wipe our boots before we goes in. Nice little place he's got.'

'He is giving it up to join you at *this*?' choked James excitedly.

'No, not him, sir. He's sticking to the country for the children's health like. Bill thinks a deal of his two boys.'

Bill! It must indeed be the same Bill. Yet what was that about his boys? Here at last was hope. Those fair, sturdy, intelligent boys—blue-eyed. They were to benefit by James's philanthropy. He already saw one an explorer—and the other—but his heart was bounding too quickly up. It was not rational to suppose he could give all the London coal-men a clean, open-air life. He must reconcile himself to this one success—this one family's good.

'Bill says to me as I was leavin'—"George, I wish you luck on your rise in life. Wish I could join you, but here I stop now to save money for my boys' future."'

'Yes,' eagerly from James. 'What future?'

The coal-man somewhat abruptly here emptied his sack down a hole in the pavement, so that his reply drifted over a cloud of dust that drove the questioner back several paces in disgust.

'He's going to buy a nice little business for the older one all to hisself in London later on,' answered the man approvingly. 'He wants him to be a sweep . . . and he's making a dustman of the other.'

THE HERKOMER SCHOOL.

BY FLORA THOMAS.

CALLING to mind the 'nineties and the painters that flourished then, means remembering some very pronounced personalities. Compared with many of the present time, one might say 'there were giants in those days,' and mourn their passing.

Not the least of these great ones was Hubert Herkomer, latterly von Herkomer—the painter craftsman who founded the Bushey School, painted all the big men and many of the fair women of his time, and excelled as an etcher and master of black and white.

Pictures were pictures then, and certain names conjured up scenes of a certain stamp, or lifelike portraits, seascapes or landscapes, which we regularly looked for on the walls of Burlington House or the New Gallery, as the annual show came round. Cubists and Futurists were not yet invented, nor the type of picture of which the man in *Punch* exclaimed 'I had no idea you fellows did these things with your hands!' when visiting their creator's studio. Instead of kaleidoscopic nightmares we had the spacious golden-atmosphered Orchardsons, the richly coloured vivid Petties, lifelike portraits of Herkomer and Oules, animals of Swan and Riviere, landscapes of Leader and North, and so on. The craftsman studied his craft, and the cult of beauty was followed without shame. The superb pictures of Furse remain to show that beauty and power can go together, and the marvellous technique of Sargent testifies to the glory of the Victorian age.

For distinctive personality, however, since Whistler passed from this lower sphere, none could compete with Herkomer, or move so continually in the limelight. He was a school in himself, and when he settled in the village of Bushey he soon attracted to that rural spot a considerable following.

The picture by Herkomer called 'Our Village' is an excellent presentment of what it was in those days. In the middle distance is the figure of a young girl in short skirts and a tam o' shanter, a portrait of his daughter Elsa. Near her is an old shepherd in his picturesque smock, the oldest inhabitant and a favourite Bushey model. It is sunset time, and a glow of warm colour pervades the

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large canvas. In the foreground the men returning from work cross the open space by the church and big tree, and are all portraits of village worthies.

The school buildings were at the top of the long hill down which Bushey straggled towards Oxhey and Watford. The entrance was a courtyard, where low pillars and arches in the Moorish style surrounded a little square of grass. Here villagers assembled to be chosen as models for the Preliminary Class. When three-hour heads were being done, the demand was brisk, and everybody stood a good chance of a job. Certain points were recognised as assets, such as red hair, venerable white beards of the Abraham type, and the almost extinct country smock; and pretty children were to be had on Saturdays. Old ladies too were much in request and made excellent sitters in a somnolent way. Everyone knew dear old granny Wells, with her closed eyes, nutcracker mouth, and strong list to port after long posing.

Beyond the courtyard no outsider was allowed to go, it being one of Professor Herkomer's theories that visitors were out of place in a school. The class-rooms were large and well lit, one being devoted to the draped model and the Preliminary students under Mr. D. A. Wehrschmidt; the two others being for the men's Life and women's Life respectively, and under the great Herkomer himself. At the far end of the long corridor was the brush room, where students met at a long sink, with many taps of water and cakes of soap, to wash their brushes after work. There was also in the purlieu of the school a priming room where we primed canvas with white lead and whiting to the surface demanded by the Professor. The white lead we used to procure at the local undertaker's, who wrapped it up in fragments of scalloped coffin lining.

The corridor opened on a delightful garden, where the men played leap-frog, and in which flourished a beautiful great almond tree, lovely in blossom, and bearing grand crops of nuts in due season, when the office-boy took a rake to them, and we held out our pinafores to receive the pleasant fruit in bulk, proceeding afterwards to crack the nuts with a brick. How good they were!

To be admitted to the Bushey School as a student was in itself some little achievement. Three heads from life in black and white had to be submitted and approved before you were enrolled even in the 'Prelim.,' and as Herkomer had his own ideas on charcoal work,

it was by no means easy to pass this test. To help the eager aspirant, a preparatory class was started by a niece of the Professor's, Miss Bertha Herkomer, who had a studio just out of Watford, where she taught this special charcoal method. Her father, the old wood carver, went every day to his work at Bushey, for there was much carving then going on for Herkomer's huge house still in course of building. So regular was the appearance of the white-bearded old Bavarian that the villagers were reported to set their clocks by him. His son was Herman Herkomer, the handsome dark-bearded painter and singer.

To Miss Bertha's gentle tuition I owed my success in passing through the exclusive door of the Herkomer School; getting in, as it was called, 'through the militia.'

Mr. Wehrschmidt of the Prelim. was familiarly known as Dan. He was large and blonde; the least voluble and most crushing of teachers. If he could give a lesson in two words, he would. As for instance 'planes wrong.' Then passing on and leaving you in the dust.

Transition from the Prelim. was effected by passing another test, this time a charcoal drawing of a nude figure. Twice a term the examination took place; then the results of five evenings' work were exposed on easels for an early morning inspection by the great man, who wrote on any of the unsigned productions that pleased him the much coveted words 'to paint in the Life.' Thenceforth you were in Herkomer's own class, with Dan and the Prelim. behind you. If after six attempts any student still failed to pass into the Life, he or she was finally excluded, and the Herkomer School knew this unfortunate no more.

My own luck was to leave the Prelim. at my first try, and so to come at once into the Professor's class. Well do I remember the first Sunday after my success. The only other female who passed that time was a very *petite* clever little illustrator, of a baby type of prettiness. We took our courage in both hands at the studio reception, and timidly introduced ourselves to the Professor. His manners were apt to be rather fearsome, and even the oldest Busheyites shrank from the publicity of a conversation with their host and what he might say in his harsh, far-carrying voice. His greeting of us was blighting in the extreme.

'Not much to look at, either of you,' he observed agreeably. We had asked for it, and we certainly got it. For my own part I bore up, but my little friend wilted perceptibly under the stricture, and felt distinctly flattened. But allowing for his German way,

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I fancy what he meant was that he perceived no flame of genius playing around our commonplace heads.

We had, however, arrived, and on the Monday began to paint from the nude. Each student took it in turns to pose the model and boss the room, choosing for herself the point of view she liked best. My first study was from a rather bad place, the profile face in shadow and a high light on the shoulder to deal with. The days slipped by and on Friday a whisper ran round the room 'Professor's come!' In a flash he was in the room, quick on his feet, keen of eye, forging like Fate in and out among the easels straight to my corner, where I stood scared stiff.

'All right for the Academy,' he began. (Heavens! What would the Academy have said!) 'But that won't do here.'

Then he proceeded to hew me hip and thigh, mercilessly criticising brushwork, colour, everything but drawing, before he passed on. My little friend fared better, and on the whole, the room regarded us as lucky, and quite average good.

We women had the Pine room for the first half of the term; a bare room with a varnished skirting and pinkish washed walls. Then at half term we changed with the men and had the Oak Room. This was a beautiful large studio, wainscotted with dark oak, and having at one end a magnificent carved altar-piece which reached from floor to ceiling. The carving was supposed to be by Grinling Gibbons and the colour of the wood had every lovely shade of golden brown. Some City church had once owned this wonderful reredos, which had since become merely a background for the undraped figure posed against it, or to the dancers who swept past it on a dancing night. Incongruous truly!

Below stairs was the Reading and Music Room. There were some good singers among the students, notably one Oscar Niemann, erstwhile leading tenor at Bayreuth. Fair-bearded, blue-eyed, he had the face of an Early Disciple, but belonged to the not hard working set known as the 'Lilies,' because like the flowers of the field they toiled not, but were well arrayed. The music-lovers among us were glad to steal down to the abode of the grand piano when Mr. Niemann played and sang, and stay quietly listening. How he could sing! Grieg should have heard him sing 'Ich liebe dich,' and his singing of 'Wohin' I have never forgotten. One thrilled to that beautiful voice. He soon, however, vanished from the scene, and his mother's touching obituary notice of 'Mein lieber Oscar' was pinned to the notice-board one day in my second year at the School. Herman Herkomer was also occasionally to be heard in Bushey,

though not a student. He was then a painter on his own, with a studio in London. Professionals, too, were kind to us, and sang at our concerts. Bushey was within easy reach of London, with good trains up and down, so we were not cut off from town amusements if Toole or Irving sent tickets for any of their plays, as they sometimes did. In this way we students enjoyed 'Walker, London' from the stalls; also 'Henry VIII,' Irving, crimson clad, dominating the play, Terriss the debonair adorning it; and then by the last train we trekked home to our cottage diggings, where nobody sat up for us and we let ourselves in about midnight.

Socially the students were roughly divided into three sets, viz. 'tramps,' who simply worked; 'lilies,' who corresponded to what is known as the Smart Set; and 'aristocrats,' who were a small clique of the old students not anxious to enlarge their circle. As a rule, one's lot was chiefly cast with those of one's own term, for introductions were hardly possible. The ice had to be broken in some chance way, and it was wise to 'go slow' at first and feel the way. This method of procedure was not understood by everybody, least of all by the occasional foreigner. When Mr. Koch, the tall dark German, made his first appearance the Bushey men and women observed him coldly, as though he were a new growth in the landscape. He made his way down to the Reading Room and stood at the door, giving a graceful and comprehensive bow to the assembled company. Nobody took the slightest notice.

Then he went a step farther and remarked to the room at large, 'I am Koch.'

One of the men lifted his eyes from his paper for a second and responded in a nasal tone of utter boredom 'Oh, are you?' and immediately resumed his reading.

Yet in course of time Mr. Koch made himself so much felt in the Life Class that the painting songs underwent a complete change; the 'Vicar of Bray' and the 'Owl and the Pussy-cat' being superseded entirely by the massive strains of Haydn's Hymn to the Emperor. We women, who as a rule painted in silence, got so tired of this at last that, led by Lucy Kemp-Welch, we broke into 'Three Blind Mice' and other unexacting catches, in protest.

The Haydn phase passed, and lighter songs again became popular, notably that old favourite, the 'Tavern in the Town.'

Those were the days of Chevalier, and our singsongs were enlivened by the 'Coster's Serenade' and 'Mrs. Enry Awkins'; and the sentimentalists obliged with Maude Valerie White's 'Devout Lover' or Goring Thomas's 'Summer Night.' Banjos, of course,

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were popular, also mandolines and a chance guitar. These combined into a serenading troupe at times and made the village streets musical.

Herkomer had certain fixed days for seeing outside work. On these occasions the Professor sat in his studio and awaited the nervous students, who proceeded along the streets, sheepishly carrying their canvases and steeling themselves to what the master might have to say about them. Sometimes it would be a Prelim. pupil who would thus swim into his ken, even before penetrating to the Life Class.

In such fashion did Lucy Kemp-Welch make herself known to Herkomer, when on one of these inspection days she brought along with her an effort on an eight-foot canvas, which afterwards developed into her first Academy picture. My friend Lucy was then only a girl, little of stature and dreamy of manner, suffering frequently from what she called 'a horse in her head.'

'For goodness' sake then get it out before competition time,' advised an older student.

This time she had ordered an eight-foot canvas, regardless of the comment of the stretcher man that he thought a six-foot would be big enough for her. And all the horses in her head had got out well on to it.

Those who were present on that occasion said that Herkomer was electrified by her work. 'Thought he was going to kiss her,' said one of the men.

So startled and pleased was he. That was the beginning of Lucy Kemp-Welch's success—a beginning from which she never looked back. I still possess a small capering horse she threw off in oils on a scrap of canvas during supper in my sitting-room one night; also a beautiful little water-colour of the hunt in Cassiobury Park; one of many impressions she set down after following on foot one hunting day. It was certainly worth while to lodge next door to this gifted and generous artist.

Herkomer often made use of photography in his portraits, but it was a maxim of his that photography was useless unless you could do without it. For him, the master and genius, it was a memorandum merely of details; for the pupil it might be a snare leading to commonplace or artificial treatment. He could be very sarcastic, and urged us not to spoil the beautiful surface of our canvas with uninspired attempts. As a critic he was good, and was as generous in praise as he was cutting in blame; but he failed as a master because he had no theory to give and could only explain by demonstration. So for a beginner his lessons were little use. Once,

however, he took my palette and brushes from me, and giving up the attempt to explain, showed me how in a few sweeping strokes ; a very rare thing for him to do.

In those early days Professor Herkomer lived in a small house off the main village street. Perfectly charming it was too in its quaint way. It was his habit to hold Sunday receptions in his studio, or in summer time in the garden. The approach to these was by a canvas-covered long passage, from the twilight of which the visitor emerged into the wider spaces of top light or plein air. The garden was delightful when the big apple tree was in bloom, and Herkomer received his guests beneath it ; and in the middle of the garden was an elegant little stone bridge of the Professor's own building, over which climbed a pink-flowered geranium.

Meanwhile, however, the building of the vast house, Lululaund, was proceeding, and cunning artificers were engaged on its details and furnishing. The wood-carving uncle was busy with it ; so was the weaver uncle in America, weaving the velvet curtains with their recurring motto ' Suis alis ' ; Eastern craftsmen were weaving and singing the carpets whose designs, as Herkomer himself said, were invented by himself and glorified by them ; iron was being wrought into curious and beautiful forms, while leather and gesso and enamel were all being exploited.

Essentially a craftsman, Herkomer's activities were not bounded by the limitations of paint and brush, pencil or dry-point. A tapestry portrait of his daughter Elsa was a fixture in his studio, and he had executed a clever head of his wife in black cotton stitches on a ground of white silk. His picture frames too were thought out, a design of laurel leaves framing a water-colour of Daphne.

The old house in the village was superseded by the massive Lululaund, named after his first wife, built of imported German stone and architected chiefly by himself. Its main feature was a huge flat arch, condemned by the professional architect as unsafe.

' He says it will come down,' said the Professor tranquilly ; ' I say it won't.'

It was a wonderful house when finished, and we students wandered through it raptly admiring. The vast studio started by having gold walls, but the glitter of the gilt proved unpleasing, so it was all hung down with black gauze. Here was exhibited the enormous canvas of Letty Lind dancing the Serpentine, with its yards of background on which the man who primed Herkomer's canvases was commandeered to assist when the master's hand wearied. Figures became dwarfed in this airy space. Here the

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dried up little man held his court, attended by his wife, his two children Elsa and Siegfried, and the pretty baby boy, Lorenz. His fiery energy continued unabated, in spite of the wretched health that might have daunted a lesser genius. His bright restless eyes gleamed out of a fallow, clean-shaven face, the beard of his early manhood having been shorn, and the long hair parted and falling lankly over his brow was heavily streaked with grey.

His work of the week was always on show in its unfinished stages, and certain of his early pictures were also there unless out on loan. Often too the latest sitters were present, giving us proof of Herkomer's power as a lifelike portrait painter.

The different periods of the Professor's art were very clearly marked. At this time he was rather over-painting himself and producing somewhat sloppy effects. We had, however, the privilege of seeing on his walls those early masterpieces which it was always a joy to meet; the Archibald Forbes, Herman Herkomer as a boy, the Lady in White, and the Lady in Black called 'Entranced.' In all these the colour is delightfully harmonious, and the modelling of the absolute full face a triumph of half-tones. There was a big water-colour of Ruskin too, protected by a roller blind, raised on reception days.

That first winter was the time of the influenza plague that carried off Cardinal Manning and the Duke of Clarence. Bitterly cold the weather was, and the London fogs came down to Bushey and malignly hung about the village. Coming out of the hot Life rooms into the deadly chill of the outside air was positively dangerous to health, but we country folk fared better than Londoners. Herkomer was engaged on a portrait of the Duke, and had finished a water-colour study of him, when the royal sitter fell a victim to the virulent complaint, and the whole country was saddened by his tragically sudden death. Herkomer was deeply moved by it, having been so lately in close association with him and his family circle. It fell to one of the senior students to paint a posthumous portrait of the young duke, full length standing; and Herkomer's water-colour formed its foundation.

Lessons were far from regular in the Life classes, the Professor being much away. We took them thankfully when he was there to give them; when he wasn't, we pegged along as best we could, or went for outside instruction to one or other of the old students who had set up studios and took pupils. One of these men, a great light now-a-days, had so many women pupils that his studio was improperly known as the Harem. Another instructor was Mr. Soord,

painter of the well-known 'Lost Sheep,' a master of fine technique in brush and pencil work. A tin studio could be built for £40 in those days, and many of these erections, singly or in blocks, sprang up in the neighbourhood.

An ex-student also ran a landscape class in summer time, when we fared forth with camp stool and easel and pochade box, and picketed about the fields and orchards, painting apple blossom and black pigs, green fields and red calves, sunsets and flowering thorns.

The master was bulky and severe. If your stool gave way under him, he was the more bitter in his strictures.

Among the outside men were W. Nicholson and J. Pryde, the poster designers. Mr. Nicholson had been in the School, but declined to paint according to Herkomer's formula, and being ejected after a series of artistic crimes, went to Paris and studied under Whistler. His very French hat helped to brighten Merry Hill, the part of Bushey where I too had rooms, with its suggestion of the Latin Quarter. The Prydes, brother and sister, and Mr. Nicholson shared apartments in this rural suburb.

The cottage lodgings of Bushey were delightfully primitive and cheap. The garden path led straight into the little sitting-room by the front door, with no intervening hall, and in these small quarters many lively tea parties were held and much technique was talked. I fitted from one to another of these cottages during my sojourn at Bushey, and was at one time next-door neighbour to Lucy Kemp-Welch and her sister down in the village. That was the time they had measles in an informal sort of way and fought through it with the minimum of isolation. We Busheyites were pretty hardy folk.

Herkomer had instituted a village nurse at Bushey, and gave an annual entertainment in his theatre to help the Nurse Fund. The play I saw was 'Filippo,' with himself in the title-rôle. He acted well, and had theories on acting as on most other subjects. Especially did he condemn the practice of an actor's return to the stage to bow his acknowledgments of applause after a fine death or tragic exit. Therefore, his 'Filippo' remains an impression of an uplifted face, passing a window at the back of the stage and vanishing for ever, while Irving's broken splendid Wolsey is lost in a returning cardinal politely bowing to the house. So does it jar when at the end of the play, Marguerite comes smiling before the curtain, hand in hand with Mephistopheles and Faust.

Among his other gifts, Herkomer could count some talent for music, his instrument being the zither. There was a special ledge for his zither in the music gallery of Lululaund, and a snatch of

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zither music played by him was recorded on a phonograph which was one of the attractions of his receptions. Lectures too had been recorded, and could be heard by fitting tubes into the hearer's ears. Yet this was in '90 and '91, long before the gramophone or wireless!

Herkomer's output was always large, and he used to the full the Academician's privilege of exhibiting eight pictures at the annual show. He even wished to have included as one a large triptych called the 'Makers of my House,' three life-size portraits of his father and two uncles engaged in their daily work, and each in a separate frame, though all connected. The Hanging Committee, however, saw otherwise, and counted them three.

It was at this time that Herkomer had his great enthusiasm for the work of J. W. North and his Somerset scenes; those woody pleasant landscapes with their scraped transparent shadows and delicate vivid greens. He expatiated on the charm of the colouring and exhorted us to lay-in the North pigments, brown madder, pure ultramarine, aureolin, rose dorée, and transparent emerald oxide of chromium. There is a glamour in the sound of them. Who could not paint with such a palette!

Herkomer's output was helped by his having several senior students capable of painting exactly in his own style, so that he could concentrate on the head and hands of his sitter and get the details of furniture, robes, and accessories filled in by his pupil.

Many well-known names had their beginnings at Bushey, and a picture-gallery catalogue takes me swiftly back to that amusing village of the past, and the figures one encountered in the High Street or met in the school or studios. Harcourt, Mostyn, Talmage, Wheelwright, Kemp-Welch, rise to the surface and stand firm, while the lesser ones are carried away by the ever-rolling stream of time.

As to myself, though Herkomer told me 'You are very slow in developing; I don't know what you will turn out,' I accomplished my aim of being hung both in the Academy and at Glasgow, and then subsided into the trivial round and common task that is the lot of so many. But it was a pleasant episode, with its mild Bohemianism and many friendships, and though it did not lead in my case to a career, it is always something to have acquired the power of recording the features of those dear to one, or a place one does not want to forget.

With Herkomer's death died the Herkomer School. He was a great figure, a personality, something of a seer. There is nothing quite like him in this generation.

WATER DIVINING.

MANY architects' clients, and I have several such, regard the faculty of water divining with scepticism or even frank distrust. Some of them call it 'humbug,' and that is the termination of their thoughts on the matter. Mr. Burgess, in his article on 'The Divining Rod' in the CORNHILL for June last, informed us of his having been imbued with the power by one who possessed it and that its possession was limited in time. This is an astounding thing. Let us consider the subject further in relation to the diviner himself.

Diviners appear to have various methods, but whether a twig be used or whether, if it be used, it is blackthorn, hazel, cane or any other wood, the important fact is that it is only a help to indication just as scales and weights measure a given body. Mr. Burgess suggested that the sense might be brought to a scientific system. This is desirable, and any such system must be based on something more tangible than a human feeling: and this 'something' may conveniently be a twig. There is a diviner in Oxford who has ardently studied the possibilities of standardising the pull of water-courses. He has definite methods which are arranged in series: one for shallow courses, another for deeper ones, and another for exceptionally deep ones. Unless a difference were made it would not be possible to detect deep streams while sensing shallow ones.

The theory is this: rain falls on the earth and percolates open strata till it is retained by an impervious one. Where this impervious stratum exists on the surface, the water runs along forming streams and rivers, but water will flow through sand which is supported by clay, or through brash supported by rock. Now it is not to be expected that impervious layers are any more horizontal underground than they are above. The reasonable assumption, therefore, is that water flows underground in streams just as it does on top.

These streams are conducted by the contours of the strata where clay is the supporting material, and by the open fissures in the case of rock.

A body of dry sand will absorb a quantity of water without increasing its bulk.

Where sand overlies the clay the water passes through it, and there is no 'tunnel' formed over which a terrific weight has to be supported. Where, as must sometimes happen, a collapse occurs underground, the water merely finds the easiest passage of flow and the situation adjusts itself. Basins or reservoirs are to be found owing to the irregular contours of the strata.

Streams have a beginning usually in a number of fine gathering arms, which unite, forming streams of increasing bulk. Often the origin is nothing more than a morass owing to the number and smallness of the gathering dribbles, and it is not till that area has been left well behind that lines worthy of the name of 'water-course' can be found.

A water-course runs deeper and deeper according to the stratum, till it runs out eventually to the surface as the overlying strata cease, and appears as a stream or emerges into the sea. The various strata forming the substance of the earth come to the surface at various angles and constitute the geographical characteristic of districts. Hence there is the limestone of the Cotswolds, the sand of Hampshire, the clay of Oxfordshire, etc. Taking, for example, the formations as they appear in a portion of Oxfordshire, we find ironstone, sand, Kimmeridge clay, sand and gravel, coralline, Oxford clay. Water will enter at the sand and at the gravel and will sink till it is retained by the Kimmeridge and the Oxford clay respectively. Thereby streams are formed at two definite levels and do of necessity cross one another at a vertical distance of some fifty feet to two hundred feet.

In order to divine two such streams, there must be a handling of the divining rod which will enable both or either to be detected. To confuse one with the other is to render the advice of the diviner almost useless and at best precarious. He must be able to give, firstly, the approximate depth of the course and, secondly, the probable strength of it.

I had a case in which a diviner gave me a line but could not say what was the probable depth. On sinking through brash for about twenty feet solid rock was found, and the water could not be reached without piercing the rock and passing through the strata till the next impervious bed was met. Just recently I sought the advice of the most scientific diviner, who found me a water-course at a depth of twenty feet or so and another at a depth of about 300 feet, which, he says, is the largest such water-course he has ever found. The former I proved, and the latter, which appears to be about

eight yards in width, must be a veritable torrent. The former lies on the top of the Oxford clay and the latter far down under it.

The district around Oxford has been traversed for the purpose of making plans of the underground water-courses, which have been plotted on the Ordnance Survey. The diviner walked about as was most convenient to him, and on finding a stream he estimated its strength and recorded it by calling it a No. 1, 2, 3, 4 or 5, marking its place with a cross on the plan. These streams were traced by my friend in company with Mr. A. H. Church, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S., who did the actual mapping. The streams were dealt with simply and traced yard by yard in open spaces, and street by street in the town, entailing several hundred miles of walking.

This resulted in a complete and systematic survey of streams, showing No. 5 running into No. 4, that into No. 3 which swells No. 2, and eventually No. 1 flows off in a determined direction. Several of these streams passed under the Thames and Cherwell. These maps are the most convincing evidence I know of the efficacy of water divining.

In the course of examining the process of divining, certain facts and conditions made themselves evident. It might be thought that the force would need to be 'earthed' in the same way as an electrical current. Rubber-soled boots were tried and they failed to make the slightest difference. In order to prove infallibly that connection with the earth was not an essential factor, my friend hit upon the suggestion that he should try the effect of flying. He, therefore, armed with a twig sought the aid of an airman with whom he arranged to fly along the line of the river, crossing and re-crossing. As the course was pursued he called to his pilot when the twig was turning, because being unaccustomed to an aeroplane the indication appeared to come when the machine was not vertically over the stream. On alighting, the pilot assured him that when he called out the river was exactly vertically underneath. There was a difficulty in flying in an aeroplane owing to the proximity of metal which also can be detected, and has an influence on a water 'pull.' The attraction of a huge stream like a river eclipsed the weak effect of the metal. The experiment proved, therefore, that the force is in the individual and is in fact another sense.

It is interesting to the student of anthropology to know that although man carried his body horizontally at one time and travelled on 'all fours,' nevertheless it is only in a vertical position that the

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faculty is operative. To demonstrate this my friend divested himself of metal and placed his watch on the floor. The rod gave the habitual indication when he stood over it. Now, he took a large armchair and lay across the arms of it with the watch on the floor under his chest, his arms hanging vertically holding the twig. There was no movement at all. It seemed that the body must be erect and the turn of the rod takes place when the lines of the stream are under the hands—not under the axis of the body. In giving the position of a stream in a field the diviner takes a half step at the moment of indication and thrusts his heel into the ground. He then crosses the stream and walks in a contrary direction, again thrusting his heel into the ground. Those two points invariably coincide.

In tracing a water-course the land is traversed till a 'pull' is felt. Now, suppose the stream is a strong one and the diviner is walking obliquely towards it. He can feel the attraction of the water although he may be some yards away from the line of it and the twig gives a tendency in that direction. It is a very interesting fact that presuming the stream is to the left, the twig held loosely in the left hand and tightly in the right, will give no result. When it is gripped by the left hand and held lightly by the right it will turn. The same thing will happen on the opposite hand.

The most important aspect of the subject of water divining is the reducing of the whole of the particulars to a scientific system. The facts are such as to establish the real and actual existence of the faculty, and efforts are being made to standardise the elements of the craft in order that full and varied information may be given of certain conditions under the earth's surface which are not apparent to the ordinary senses. Let us briefly enumerate the points which may be divined: the presence of a stream, its strength, direction and the level at which it is flowing. Having been given this much it is for the geological maps and a knowledge of the strata of a district to guide operations for reaching the water. Metals also are divined, certain of them having a stronger pull than others, but all dissimilar. Experiments are now in progress for divining oil, and although very definite results have been obtained it is premature to make any statement about them.

I have just had one of a series of cases in which there was a known stratum of clay. A depth was given of thirty to thirty-five feet, and operations were commenced. At a depth of six feet or so, having passed through a sandy gravel, the Kimmeridge clay was

reached. The advice of neighbouring people was, to stop at once, so, to prove the case without sinking a well, a boring was put down exactly on the line, and sure enough at about thirty feet a hard, brittle, and shelly material was encountered and another two feet found the water rising in the bore. The well was then sunk and at that level an abundant supply was secured. The important fact is that at that depth the Kimmeridge clay was pervious and bones of extinct creatures were found. When sinking in clay one must be very sure of the skill of the diviner, but having proved him one should have confidence in him.

Some tales of water finding are as fascinating as a romance and perhaps I may be permitted to relate one or two.

A site was given in Glamorganshire about one and a half miles from the sea and a depth of 100 feet. The stream was traced to the sea shore, where it ran out to the surface among the rocks. A sample of water was taken and found to be 'spring' water, and was not salt. A boring was sunk to a depth of 150 feet with no result, and the diviner was certain it had been missed for some reason. He advocated the putting down of a charge. This was done at 150 feet and was useless. He urged another at 100 feet. At 110 feet it was effective and the supply is tapped to the extent of 300 gallons per hour.

The explanation of this curious series of facts is probably this: the stream at the point selected happened to divide into two round a particularly solid piece of rock and by chance the bore pierced this rock. If it was a foot or so wide, it is clear that the line of stream given would be midway between the sides of this loop.

An interesting example was at Tetsworth, where the borers, who had reached a depth of eighty-seven feet, called in the diviner. He found two lines: one about 150 yards to one side, and another about 100 yards to the other. At a depth of fifty feet, which was foretold, a supply of 400 gallons per hour was obtained. From this it seems that the surface of the impervious stratum was convex, and the borers had by chance selected a dry position.

At Eydon Hall, Northants, there were four wells existing, but the water was minerally polluted. It was desired to obtain a supply at a lower depth to get clear of the top water. A stream was found at a depth of 145 feet, the figure estimated being 150 feet, and a yield of 1200 gallons per hour is now in constant use.

Sheringham, Norfolk, is supplied from a boring of a depth of 250 feet giving 15,000 to 20,000 gallons per hour. When divining

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this stream the old bore was examined, which was situated 200 yards or so from the line of the stream. This was being cleared at the time and the machinery overhauled. A pump was at work driven by an engine to keep the water down and a small stream forming an arc was found from the new line to the well. My friend then had the engine stopped, with the result that no subsidiary stream could be located. This shows that the existing boring drew its supply from the main stream, the water from which found its own passage when induced to do so by the pumping. The scientific point here illustrated is that water must be moving, and that where it is motionless no indication will be given.

At the Church of England House for Waifs and Strays at Shipton-under-Wychwood, an adjoining field was bought in order to obtain a better water supply. A well was sunk and a windmill erected, but as soon as there was even a short drought the water dried up. A water-course was located in such a position that the plant was moved seventy yards nearer the building, and the boring now serves other stranded places in the hot weather, giving an ample supply to all demands. In the hot summer of 1921, I understand it was the only well in Shipton which maintained a full supply.

It is generally believed that there is a clay basin under London which would yield any quantity of water wherever it might be tapped. This was proved to be erroneous. A large firm in Oxford Street put down four borings, two of which were successful, the other two were quite abortive. A stream was traced, in the presence of three Fellows of the Royal Geological Society, which passed under the Thames and which supplies several hotels and two business premises. It is not generally known that to have an independent water supply is no uncommon thing for a large London firm.

May it be suggested that the faculty of water divining was common and used extensively in mediæval times? Is it not possible also that together with certain superstitious practices it was prohibited after the Reformation? Whatever may have been the method employed to find water-courses, it is certain that mediæval establishments were placed on sites where an adequate supply of fresh water was and is available. At Ifley there is a divided stream, both branches of which account for a number of wells. At the recent reconstruction of the lock, continuous pumping was necessitated by a tributary to this stream quite separate from the river water. A stream which passes through Little London

joins two monastic sites. There is an old farm near Sandford which is on the junction of two streams. Other mediæval institutions which are on lines of water-courses are Bartlemas, Godstow, St. Margaret's Well, Binsey, Holywell, Osney, North Hinksey, Cumnor, Barton, to name no more. An old inn at Headington was on a stream which runs far out towards Bicester. I know of only one instance of a mediæval settlement being away from a stream. This is at Wytham, but there is a water-house from which water was drawn placed exactly on the line of flow. Since these maps of the Oxford district were made, some sixty sites have been worked and proved on the lines given, besides hundreds elsewhere.

My information is drawn almost entirely from Mr. J. Timms, of Oxford.

In conclusion, the following incident was described to me by Mr. Timms. At Frilford, Berks, it was desired to locate an old well from which water was being drawn by a pump a little way off. Several trial holes were dug without success. He was consulted and found a line of stream. There was no well on this line. He suggested, therefore, that if the well was near, it would be drawing its supply from the stream by percolation and this would not have any movement unless the pump was working. He gave instructions that the machinery should be set in motion and the water was thereby drawn into the well. This enabled him to trace the line of flow from the main stream to the well and resulted in its discovery.

THOMAS RAYSON.

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ARACHNE—THE SPIDER.

EARLY in the morning, about the time of dawn,
 She weaves a silver tapestry in nets across the lawn,
 In and out and round about, you'll see her weave and dart—
 A tiny, dingy spinner with a sad, sad heart.

Weaving dreams of gossamer to shimmer on a thorn,
 Spinning threads of silver, but oh ! she looks forlorn,
 Thinking of a tapestry she wove in colours bold,
 Purple, rose, and orange—before the world grew old.

Amethyst and amber and emerald and mauve,
 Sapphire blue and misty grey were the dreams she wove,
 Frail as fairy gossamer, delicate as bloom,
 Out of silk of Lydia, on a wooden loom.

Then she tossed her haughty head, wildly she declared
 Even web divinely spun could not be compared
 With the beauty of her art, proudly she defied
 The wisdom of Athene as her busy shuttle plied.

She was fair and wonderful, she was white as milk,
 When she wove her arrogance in threads of coloured silk.
 Athene smote her beauty and broke her scornful heart,
 She took away her colours, but couldn't kill her art.

The vengeance of Olympus, in shattering the loom,
 Left a little spider in a corner of the room,
 A tiny, dingy spinner, but so great an artist she,
 That still she weaves a miracle on blade and leaf and tree.

Still she spins a silken thread, even now she weaves
 In and out and round about the dewy spangled leaves,
 Spinning wraiths of gossamer to shimmer on the lawn,
 Early in the morning, about the time of dawn.

BARBARA EUPHAN TODD.

WHO RIDETH ALONE.

CHAPTER IV.

AFRICA.

AT the end of the year, my uncle was pleased grimly to express himself as satisfied, and to send me forthwith to the Military School of Saumur, where selected Cavalry-Sergeants of good family and superior education are made into officers.

Here nothing amusing occurred, and I was glad when, once more, wires were pulled and I was instructed to betake myself and my new commission to Algeria and present myself at the *Quartier des Spahis* at Sidi-bel-Abbès.

I shall never forget my first glimpse of my new home. It is indelibly etched upon the tablets of my memory.

I stood at the great gates in the lane that separates the Spahis' barracks from those of the Foreign Legion, and thought of the day—so recently passed—when I had stood, a wretched civilian, at those of the Blue Hussars in St. Denis. . . .

Outside the red-white-and-blue-striped sentry-box stood a bearded dusky giant, a huge red turban crowning the snowy linen *kafiya* that framed his face; a scarlet be-medalled Zouave jacket covering a gaudy waistcoat and tremendous red sash; and the most voluminous skirt-like white baggy trousers almost concealing his great spurred cavalry-boots. A huge curved cavalry-sabre hung at his left side, and in his right hand he bore a carbine.

'And so this is the type of warrior I am to lead in cavalry-charges!' thought I, and wondered if there were any to equal it in the world.

He saluted me with faultless smartness and precision, and little guessed how I was thrilled to the marrow of my bones as I returned the first salute I had received from a man of my own Regiment.

Standing at the big open window of the *Salle de Rapport* in the regimental offices near the gate was a strikingly smart and masculine figure—that of an officer in a gold-frogged white tunic (that must surely have covered a pair of corsets), which fitted his wide shoulders and narrow waist as paper fits the walls of a room.

Beneath a high red *tarbush* smiled one of the handsomest faces

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I have ever seen. So charming was the smile, so really beautiful the whole man, that it could be none other than Raoul d'Auray de Redon, here a couple of years before me.

I know now that one man *can* really love another with the love that is described as existing between David and Jonathan. . . . I do not believe in love 'at first sight,' but tremendous attraction, and the strongest liking at first sight, soon came, in this case, to be a case of love at second sight. . . . To this day I can never look upon the portrait of Raoul d'Auray de Redon, of whom more anon, without a pang of bitter-sweet pain and a half-conscious prayer. . . .

By the Guard-Room stood a group that I can see now—a statuesque *sous-officier* in spotless white drill tunic and trousers, white shoes and a *tarbush* (miscalled a fez cap)—l'*Adjudant* Lescault; an elderly French Sergeant-Major in scarlet patrol-jacket, white riding-breeches with a double black stripe down the sides, and a red *képi* with a gold band; an Arab Sergeant, dressed like the sentry, save for his chevrons; and the Guard, who seemed to me to be a mixture of Arabs and Frenchmen—for some of them were as fair in complexion as myself.

Beyond this group stood a Lieutenant, examining a horse held by an Arab groom, and I was constrained to stare at this gentleman, for beneath a red tunic he wore a pair of the colossal Spahi white-skirt-trousers, and these were gathered in at the ankle to reveal a pair of tiny pointed-toed patent shoes. His other extremity was adorned by a rakish peaked *képi* in scarlet and gold.

My future brothers-in-arms these. . . .

I glanced beyond them to the Oriental garden, tree-embowered, which lay between the gates and the distant low-colonnaded stables that housed the magnificent grey Arab horses of the Regiment; and feeling that I could embrace all men, I stepped forward and entered upon my heritage. . . .

Nevertheless, it was not very long before life at the dépôt in Sidi-bel-Abbès grew very boring indeed. One quickly grew tired of the mild dissipations of our club, the *Cercle Militaire*, and of the more sordid ones of the alleged haunts of pleasure boasted by that dull provincial garrison-town.

Work saved me from weariness, however, for I worked like a blinded well-camel—at Arabic—in addition to the ordinary duties of a cavalry-officer.

To the Spahis came Dufour, sent by my uncle at my request, and together we pursued our studies in the language and in disguises. Nor was I sorry when, at the earliest possible moment, my uncle again pulled wires, and I was ordered to Morocco.

In that fascinating country I was extremely lucky—lucky enough, after weary garrison-duty at Casa Blanca, or rather Ain Bourdja, outside its walls, Rabat, Mequinez, Fez, Dar-Debibagh and elsewhere—to be at the gory fight of R'fakha and to charge at the head of a squadron; and to play my little part in the Chaiova campaigns at Settat, M'koun, Sidi el Mekhi and the M'karto.

After the heavy fighting round, and in, Fez, I was a Captain, and had two pretty little pieces of metal and ribbon to hang on my tunic; and in the nasty little business with the Zarhoun tribe (who took it upon them to close the roads between Fez and Tangier and between Meknes and Rabat) I was given command of the squadron that formed part of the composite battalion entrusted with the job. . . .

With this squadron was my good Dufour, of course, a non-commissioned officer already wearing the *médaille militaire* for valour. Of its winning I must briefly tell the tale, because the memory of it was so cruelly and poignantly before my mind in the awful hour when I had to leave him to his death, instead of dying with him as I longed to do. . . .

On that black day I saw again, in clear and glowing colours, this picture:

I am charging a great *harka* of very brave and fanatical Moors, at the head of my squadron. . . . We do not charge in line as the English do, but every man for himself, hell-for-leather, at the most tremendous pace to which he can spur his horse. . . . Being the best mounted, I am naturally well ahead. . . . The earth seems to tremble beneath the thundering onrush of the finest squadron in the world. . . . I am wildly happy. . . . I wave my sabre and shout for joy. . . . As we are about to close with the enemy, I lower my point and straighten my arm. (Always use the point until you are brought to a standstill, and then use the edge with the speed and force of lightning.) The Moors are as cunning as they are brave. Hundreds of infantry drop behind rocks and big stones and into nullahs, level their long guns and European rifles, and blaze into the brown of us. Hundreds of cavalry swerve off to right and left, to take us in flank and surround us, when the shock of our impact upon the main body has broken

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our charge and brought us to a halt. They do not know that we shall go through them like a knife through cheese, re-form and charge back again—and even if we do not scatter them like chaff, will effectually prevent their charging and capturing our silent and almost defenceless little mountain-guns. . . .

We thunder on, an irresistible avalanche of men and horses, and, like a swimmer diving from a cliff into the sea—I am into them with a mighty crash. . . . A big Moor and his Barbary stallion go head-over-heels, as my good horse and I strike them amidships, like a single projectile; and, but for the sword-knot whose cord is round my wrist, I should have lost my sabre, pulled from my hand as I withdrew it from beneath the Moor's right arm. . . .

I spur my horse; he bounds over the prostrate horse and man; I give another big Moslem my point—right in the middle of his long black beard as I charge past him—and then run full tilt into a solid mass of men and horses. I cut and parry; slash, parry and cut; thrust and strike, and rise in my stirrups and hack and hew—until I am through and spurring again to a gallop. . . . And then I know that my horse is hit and going down, and I am flying over his head, and that the earth rises up and smashes my face, and strikes my chest so cruel a blow that the breath is driven from my body, and I am a living pain. . . .

Oh! the agony of that struggle for breath, after the smashing crash that has broken half my ribs, my right arm and my jaw-bone. . . . And, oh! the torture of my dead horse's weight on my broken leg and ankle. . . .

And why was my throat not being cut? Why no spears being driven through my back? Why was my skull not being battered in? . . .

I got my dripping face from out of the dust, wiped it with my left sleeve, and got on to my left elbow. . . .

I was the centre of a terrific 'dog-fight,' and, standing across me, leaping over me, whirling round and round, jumping from side to side like a fiend and a madman, a grand athlete and a great hero—was Dufour. . . . Sick and shattered as I was, I could still admire his wonderful swordsmanship, and marvel at his extraordinary agility, strength, and skill. . . . Soon I realised that I could do more than admire him. I could help, although pinned to the ground by my horse and feeling sick, shattered, and smashed. . . . With infinite pain I dragged my revolver from its holster,

and rejoiced that I had made myself as good a shot with my left hand as with my right.

Then, lying on my right side, and sighting as well and quickly as I could in so awkward a position, I fired at a man whose spear was driving at Dufour's back; at another whose great sword was swung up to cleave him; at a third, whose long gun was presented at him; and then, after a wave of death-like faintness had passed, into the very face of one who had sprung past him and was in the act of driving his big curved dagger into my breast. . . .

As I aimed my last shot—at the man whose sword was clashing on Dufour's sabre—the squadron came thundering back, headed by Lieutenant d'Auray de Redon, and never was I more glad to see the face of my beloved Raoul. . . .

He and several of the Spahis drew rein, scattered our assailants and pursued them, while Dufour caught a riderless troop-horse and—I am told—lifted me across the saddle, jumped on its back, behind the saddle, and galloped back to our position.

It seems that he had been behind me when my horse came down, had deliberately reined up, dismounted, and run to rescue me—when he was attacked. Nor had he striven to cut his way out from among the few who were surrounding him, but had stood his ground, defending me until he was the centre of the mob of wild fanatics from which Raoul's charge saved us in the nick of time. He was bleeding from half a dozen sword-cuts by the time he got me away, though not one of them was severe. . . .

Yes—this was the picture that burned before my eyes on the dreadful day of which I shall tell you.

Duty is a stern and jealous God. . . .

I made a quick recovery, and thanked Heaven and our splendid surgeons when I found that I was not, as I had feared, to be lame for life.

I got back to work, and when my uncle, punctual to his life's programme, came out to Africa, I was able to join his Staff as an officer who knew more than a little about the country and its fascinating towns and people; an officer who could speak Arabic and its Moorish variant like a native; and who could wander through *sûq* and street and bazaar as a beggar; a pedlar; a swagging Riffian *askri* of the *bled*; a nervous, cringing Jew of the *mellah*; a fanatic of Mulai Idris; a camel-man, or donkey-driver—without the least fear of discovery.

And I believe I could tell him things that no other officer in all Morocco could tell him of subterranean tribal politics; gutter intrigues of the fanatical mobs of towns that mattered (such as Meknes, for example, where I relieved my friend Captain de Lannec and where I was soon playing the Jew pedlar, and sending out messengers up to the day of its rising and the great massacre); and the respective attitudes, at different times, of various parts of the country and various classes of the people towards the Sultan Abd-el-Aziz; the would-be Sultan Mulai Hafid; the Pretender Mulai Zine, his brother; or the great powerful *marabout* Ibn Nualla.

My uncle was pleased with the tool of his fashioning—the tool that would *never* ‘turn in his hand,’ and my name was writ large in the books of the *Bureau des Affaires Indigènes* at Rabat. . . .

Nor do I think that there was any jealousy or grumbling when I became the youngest Major in the French Army, and disappeared from human ken to watch affairs in Zaguig and in the disguise of a native of that mean city. . . .

I entered it on foot, in the guise of a hill-man from the north, and as I passed through the tunnel of the great gate in the mighty ramparts, a camel-driver rose from where he squatted beside his beast and accosted me.

We gave what I think was an unexceptionable rendering of the meeting of two Arab friends who had not seen each other for a long time.

‘Let me be the proud means of giving your honoured legs a rest, my brother,’ said the man loudly, as he again embraced me and patted my back with both hands. ‘Let my camel bear you to the lodging you honour with your shining presence. . . . God make you strong. . . . God give you many sons. . . . God send rain upon your barley crops. . . .’ And he led me to where his kneeling camel snarled.

And may I be believed when I say that it was not until he had patted my back (three right hand, two left, one right, one left) that I knew that this dirty, bearded, shaggy camel-man was Raoul d’Auray de Redon, whom I was to relieve here! I was to do this that he might make a long, long journey with a caravan of a certain Sidi Ibrahim Maghruf, a Europeanised Arab merchant whom our Secret Service trusted—to a certain extent.

Raoul it was, however, and, at Sidi Ibrahim Maghruf’s house,

he told me all he could of local politics, intrigues, under-currents and native affairs in general.

'It's high time we made a plain gesture and took a firm forward step,' he concluded. 'It is known, of course, that we are coming and that the Military Mission will be a strong one—and it is anticipated that it will be followed by a column that will eventually remark *J'y suis—J'y reste*. . . . Well, the brutes have asked for it, and they'll get it—but I think it is a case of the sooner the quicker. . . .

'I'll tell you a curious thing, my friend. I have been attending some very interesting gatherings, and at one or two of them was a heavily-bearded fanatic who harangued the audience volubly and eloquently—but methought his Arabic had an accent. . . . I got Sidi Ibrahim Maghruf to let me take his trusted old factotum, Ali Mansur, with me to a little fruit-party which the eloquent one was giving.

'When old Ali Mansur had gobbled all the fruit he could hold and we sat replete, listening to our host's harangue upon the greatness of Islam and the littleness (and nastiness) of Unbelievers—especially the *Franzawi* Unbelievers who have conquered Algeria and penetrated Tunisia and Morocco and intended to come to Zaguig—I asked old Ali if he thought the man spoke curious Arabic and was a foreigner himself.

"He is an Egyptian or a Moor or a Turk or something else, doubtless," grunted Ali. "But he is a true son of Islam and a father of the poor and the oppressed. *Wallahi*, but those melons and figs and dates were good—Allah reward him."

'So I decided that I was right and that this fellow's Arabic *was* a little queer. . . . Well, I followed him about, and, one evening, saw him meet another man, evidently by appointment, in the Zaouia Gardens. . . . And the other man made a much quicker job of tucking his legs up under him on the stone seat, and squatting cross-legged like a true native, than my suspect did. He was a little slow and clumsy about it, and I fancied that he would have sat on the seat in *European* fashion if he had been alone and unobserved. . . . Whereupon I became a wicked cut-purse robber of a mountaineer, crept up behind those two, in barefooted silence, and suddenly fetched our eloquent friend a very sharp crack on the head with my heavy *matrack* stick. . . . He let out one word and sprang to his feet. The hood of my dirty *burnous* was well over my ingenuous countenance and the evening was growing dark,

but I got a clear glimpse of his face, and then fled for my life. . . . I am a good runner, as you know, and I had learned what I wanted—or most of it.'

I waited, deeply interested, while Raoul paused and smiled at me.

'When a man has an exclamation fairly *knocked* out of him, so to speak, that exclamation will be in his mother-tongue,' continued Raoul. 'And if a man has, at times, a very slight cast in his eye, that cast is much enhanced and emphasised in a moment of sudden shock, fright, anger or other violent emotion.'

'True,' I agreed.

'My friend,' said Raoul, 'that man's exclamation, when I hit him, was "*Himmel!*" and, as he turned round, there was a most pronounced cast in his left eye. He almost squinted, in fact. . . .'

'The former point is highly interesting,' I observed. 'What of the other?'

'Henri,' replied Raoul, 'do you remember a man who—let me see—had dirty finger-nails, ate garlic, jerked his horse's mouth, had a German mother, wiped his nose with the back of his hand, revealed a long dog-tooth when he grinned sideways, and had a cast in his eye? . . . A man in the Blue Hussars, a dozen years and more ago? . . . Eh, *do you?*'

'*Becque!*' I exclaimed.

'Becque, I verily believe,' said Raoul.

'But wouldn't he exclaim in French, under such sudden and violent shock?' I demurred.

'Not if he had been bred and born speaking the German of his German mother in Alsace,' replied my friend. 'German would be literally his mother-tongue. He would learn from his French father to speak perfect French, and we know that his parents were of the two nationalities.'

'It *may* be Becque, of course,' I said doubtfully.

'I believe it is he,' replied Raoul, 'and I also believe you're the man to make certain. . . . What about continuing that little duel—with no Sergeant Blüm to interrupt, eh?'

'If it is he, and I can manage it, the duel will be taken up at the point where it was stopped owing to circumstances beyond Monsieur Becque's control,' I remarked.

'Yes. I think *ce bon* Becque ought to die,' smiled Raoul, 'as a traitor, a renegade and a spy. . . . For those things he is—the French-born son of a Frenchman, and as a soldier who has

worn the uniform of France and taken the oath of true and faithful service to the Republic.'

'Where was he born?' I asked.

'Paris,' replied Raoul. 'Bred and born in Paris. He was known to the police as a criminal and an anarchist from his youth, and it appears that he got into the Blue Hussars by means of stolen or forged papers in this name of Becque. . . . They lost sight of him after he had served his sentence for incitement to mutiny in the Blue Hussars. . . .'

And we talked on far into the night in Sidi Ibrahim Maghruf's great moonlit garden.

Next day, Raoul departed on his journey of terrible hardships—a camel-man in the employ of Sidi Ibrahim Maghruf, to Lake Tchad and Timbuktu, with his life in his hands and all his notes and observations to be kept in his head.

Of the man who might or might not be Becque I saw nothing whatever in Zaguig. He may have taken fright at Raoul's sudden and inexplicable assault upon him, and thought that his secret was discovered, or he may have departed by reason of the approach of the French forces. On the other hand he may merely have gone away to report upon the situation in Zaguig, or, again, he may have been in the place the whole time.

Anyhow, I got no news nor trace of him, and soon dismissed him from my mind. In due course I was relieved in turn by Captain de Lannec and returned to Morocco, and was sent thence into the far south, ostensibly to organise Mounted Infantry companies out of mules and the Foreign Legion, but really to do a little finding-out and a little intelligence-organising in the direction of the territories of our various southern neighbours, and to travel from Senegal to Wadai, with peeps into Nigeria and the Cameroons. I was in the Soudan a long while.

Here I had some very instructive experiences, and a very weird one at a place called Zinderneuf, whence I went on leave *via* Nigeria, actually travelling home with a most excellent Briton named George Lawrence, who had been my very senior and revered fag-master at Eton!

It is a queer little world, and very amusing.

And everywhere I went, the good Dufour, brave, staunch and an extraordinarily clever mimic of any kind of native, went also,

'seconded for special service in the Intelligence Department'—and invaluable service it was. At disguise and dialect he was as good as, if not better than, myself; and it delighted me to get him still further decorated and promoted as he deserved.

And so Fate, my uncle, and my own hard, dangerous and exciting work, brought me to the great adventure of my life, and to the supreme failure that rewarded my labours at the crisis of my career. Little did I dream what awaited me when I got the laconic message from my uncle (now Commander-in-Chief and Governor-General):

'Return forthwith to Zaguig and wait instructions.'

Zaguig, as I knew to my sorrow, was a 'holy' city, and, like most holy cities, was tenanted by some of the unholiest scum of mankind that pollute the earth.

Does not the Arab proverb itself say, '*The holier the city, the wickeder its citizens*'?

CHAPTER V.

ZAGUIG.

AFTER the cities of Morocco, the Enchantress, I hated going back to Zaguig, the last-won and least-subdued of our Saharan outposts of civilisation; and after the bold Moor I hated the secretive, furtive, evil Zaguigans, who reminded me of the fat, fair and false Fezai. Not that Zaguig could compare with Fez or Marrakesh, of course, that bright jewel sunk in its green ocean of palms, with its wonderful gardens, Moorish architecture, cool marble, bright tiles, fountains and charming hidden *patios*. This Zaguig (now occupied by French troops) was an ash-heap populated with vermin, and very dangerous vermin, too.

I did not like the position of affairs at all. I did not like the careless over-confident attitude of Colonel Levasseur; I did not like the extremely scattered disposition of the small garrison, a mere advance-guard; and I did not like the fact that Miss Mary Hankinson Vanbrugh was, with her brother, the guest of the said Colonel Levasseur.

You see, I *knew* what was going on beneath the surface, and what I did not know from personal observation, Dufour could tell me. (When I was not Major de Beaujolais, I was a water-carrier, and when Dufour was not Adjutant Dufour of the Spahis, he was

a seller of dates and melons in the *sūq*. When I was here before, I had been a blind leper—when not a coolie in the garden of Sidi Ibrahim Maghruf, the friend of France.)

Nor could I do more than lay my information before Colonel Levasseur. He was Commanding Officer of the troops and Governor of the town, and I was merely a detached officer of the Intelligence Department, sent to Zaguig to make arrangements for pushing off 'into the blue' (on *very* Secret Service) as soon as word came that the moment was ripe. . . .

Extracts from a letter, written by my uncle at Algiers, and which I found awaiting me at Zaguig, will tell you nearly as much as I knew myself.

' . . . and so, my dear Henri, comes your chance—the work for which the tool has been fashioned. . . . Succeed and you will have struck a mighty blow for France (and you will not find France ungrateful). But mind—you will have to be as swift and as silent as you will have to be clever, and you must stand or fall absolutely alone. If they fillet you and boil you in oil—you will have to boil unavenged. A desert column operating in *that* direction would rouse such a howl in the German Press (and in one or two others) as would do infinite harm at home, and would hamper and hinder my work out here for years. The Government is none too firmly seated, and has powerful enemies, and you must not provide the stick wherewith to beat the dog.

' On the other hand, I am expecting, and only waiting for, the dispatch which will sanction a subsidy of a million francs, so long as this Federation remains in alliance with France and rejects all overtures to Pan-Islamism. That is the fear and the danger, the one great menace to our young and growing African Empire.

' God grant that you are successful and that you are before Bartels, Wassmuss or any Senussi emissaries.

' What makes me anxious, is the possibility of this new and remarkable Emir el Hamel el Kebir announcing himself to be that very *Mahdi* whom the Bedouin tribes of that part are always expecting—a sort of Messiah.

' As you know, the Senussi Sidi el Mahdi, the holiest prophet since Mahomet, is supposed to be still alive. He disappeared at Garu on the way to Wadai, and an empty coffin was buried with tremendous pomp and religious fervour at holy Kufara. He reappears from time to time, in the desert, and makes oracular pronouncements—and then there is a sort of "revival" hysteria where he is supposed to have manifested himself.

' If this Emir el Hamel el Kebir takes it into his head to announce

that he is the *Mahdi*, we shall get precisely what the British got from their *Mahdi* at Khartoum—and that son of a Dongola carpenter conquered 2,000,000 square miles in two years—for he has got the strongest tribal confederation yet known. . . .

'Well—I hope you won't be a Gordon, nor I a Wolseley-Kitchener, for it's *peace* we want now, *peace*—that we may consolidate our Empire and then start making the desert to bloom like the rose. . . .

'You get a treaty made with this Emir—whereby he guarantees the trade routes, and guarantees the friendship of his tributary tribes to us, and a "hostile *neutrality*" towards the Senussi and any European power in Africa, and you will have created a buffer-state, just where France needs it most.

'Incidentally you will have earned my undying gratitude and approbation—and what you like to ask by way of recognition of such invaluable work. . . . We *must* have peace in the East in view of the fact that the Riffs will *always* give trouble in the West. . . .

' . . . Sanction for the subsidy may come any day, but you will have plenty of time for your preparations. (When you get word, *be gone in the same hour*, and let *nothing whatsoever* delay you for a minute.) . . . D'Auray de Redon came through from Kufara with one of Ibrahim Maghruf's caravans and saw this *Mahdi* or Prophet himself. . . . He also takes a very serious view, and thinks it means a *jehad* sooner or later. . . . And, mind you, he *may* be Abd el Kadir (grandson of the Great Abd el Kadir himself), though I believe that devil is still in Syria.

'The fellow is already a very noted miracle-monger and has a tremendous reputation as a warrior. He is to the Emir Mohammed Bishari bin Mustapha Korayim abd Rabu what the eagle is to the hawk—a dead hawk too, according to an Arab who fell in with Ibrahim Maghruf's caravan, when fleeing from a great slaughter at the Pass of Bab-el-Haggar, where this new "Prophet" obliterated the Emir Mohammed Bishari. . . . The said Arab was so bitter about the "Prophet" and had such a personal grudge, that d'Auray de Redon cultivated him with talk of revenge and gold, and we may be able to make great use of him. . . . I shall send him to you at Zaguig with d'Auray de Redon, who will bring you word to start, and any orders that I do not care to write. . . .

'In conclusion—regard this as THE most important thing in the world—to yourself, to me, and to France. . . .'

Attached to this letter was a sheet of note-paper on which was written that which, later, gave me furiously to think, and at the time saddened and depressed me. I wondered if it were intended

as a warning and '*pour encourager les autres*,' for it was not like my uncle to write me mere Service news.

'By the way, I have broken Captain de Lannec, as I promised him (and you too) that I would do to anyone who, in any way, failed me. . . . *A woman, of course.* . . . He had my most strict and stringent orders to go absolutely straight and instantly to Mulai Idris, the Holy City, and establish himself there, relieving Captain St. André, with whom it was vitally important that I should have a personal interview within the month.

'Passing through the Zarhoun, de Lannec got word from one of our friendlies that a missing Frenchwoman was in a village among the mountains. She was the *amie* of a French officer, and had been carried off during the last massacre, and was in the *hareem* of the big man of the place. . . . It seems de Lannec had known her in Paris . . . one Véronique Vaux. . . . Loved her, perhaps. . . . He turned aside from his duty; he wasted a week in getting the woman; another in placing her in safety; and *then* was so good as to attend to the affairs of his General, his Service and his Country! . . .

'Exit de Lannec. . . .'

Serve him right, of course! . . . Yes—of course. . . .

A little hard? . . . Very, very sad—for he was a most promising officer, a tiger in battle, and a fox on Secret Service; no braver, cleverer, finer fellow in the French Army. . . . But yes, it served him right, certainly. . . . He had acted very wrongly—putting personal feelings and the fate of *a woman* before the welfare of France, before the orders of his Commander, before the selfless, self-effacing tradition of the Service. . . . Before his *God*—Duty, in short.

He deserved his punishment. . . . Yes. . . . He had actually put a mere woman before *Duty*. . . . '*Exit de Lannec.*' . . . Serve him right, poor devil. . . .

And then the Imp that dwells at the Back of my Mind said to the Angel that dwells at the Front of my Mind:

'Suppose the captured woman, dwelling in that unthinkable slavery of pollution and torture, had been that beautiful, queenly and adored lady, the noble wife of the stern General Bertrand de Beaujolais himself?'

Silence, vile Imp! *No one* comes before Duty.

Duty is a Jealous God. . . .

I was to think more about de Lannec ere long.

I confess to beginning with a distinct dislike for the extremely beautiful Miss Vanbrugh, when I met her at dinner, at Colonel Levasseur's, with her brother. Her brother, by the way, was an honorary ornament of the American Embassy at Paris, and was spending his leave with his adventurous sister and her maid-companion in 'doing' Algeria, and seeing something of the desert. The Colonel had rather foolishly consented to their coming to Zaguig 'to see something of the *real* desert and of Empire in the making,' as Otis Hankinson Vanbrugh had written to him. I rather fancy that the *beaux yeux* of Miss Mary, whom Colonel Levasseur had met in Paris and at Mustapha Supérieur, had more to do with it than a desire to return the Paris hospitality of her brother. Anyhow, a young girl had no business to be there at that time. . . .

Probably my initial lack of liking for Mary Vanbrugh was prompted by her curious attitude towards myself, and my utter inability to fathom and understand her. The said attitude was one of faintly mocking mild amusement, and I have not been accustomed to regarding myself as an unintentionally amusing person. In fact, I have generally found people rather chary of laughing at me.

But not so Mary Vanbrugh. And for some obscure reason she affected to suppose that my name was '*Ivan*.' Even at dinner that first evening, when she sat on Levasseur's right and my left, she addressed me as '*Major Ivan*.'

To my stiff query, 'Why *Ivan*, Miss Vanbrugh?' her half-suppressed provoking smile would dimple her very beautiful cheeks as she replied,

'But surely? . . . You *are* really *Ivan* What's-his-name in disguise, aren't you? . . . Colonel Levasseur told me you are a most distinguished Intelligence Officer on Secret Service, and I think that must be one of the Secrets. . . .'

I was puzzled and piqued. Certainly I have played many parts in the course of an adventurous career, but my duties have never brought me in contact with Russians, nor have I ever adopted a Russian disguise and name. Who was this '*Ivan* What's-his-name'? . . . However, if the joke amused her . . . and I shrugged my shoulders.

'Oh, *do* do that again, Major Ivan,' she said. 'It *was* so delightfully French and expressive. You dear people can talk with your shoulders and eyebrows as eloquently as we barbarous Americans can with our tongues.'

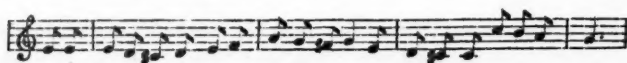
'Yes—we are amusing little funny foreigners, mademoiselle,' I observed. 'And if, as Ivan What's-his-name, I have made you smile, I have not lived wholly in vain. . . .'

'No. You have not, Major Ivan,' she agreed. A cooler, calmer creature I have never encountered. . . . A man might murder her, but he would never fluster nor discompose her serenity while she lived.

Level-eyed, slow-spoken, unhurried, she was something new and strange to me, and she intrigued me in spite of myself.

Before that evening finished and I had to leave that wide moonlit veranda, her low rich voice, extreme self-possession, poise, grace, and perfection almost conquered my dislike of her, in spite of her annoying air of ironic mockery, her mildly contemptuous amusement at me, my sayings and my doings.

As I made my way back to my quarters by the Bab-el-Souq, I found myself saying, 'Who the devil is this *Ivan What's-his-name*?' and trying to recapture an air that she had hummed once or twice as I sat coldly silent after some piece of slightly mocking irony. How did it go?



money in French banks and companies. He was a most lovable old chap, and most interesting too—but still he was a *native*, when all is said, and his heart was Arab.

It was difficult to realise, seeing him seated cross-legged upon his cushions and rugs in the marble-tiled French-Oriental reception-room of his luxurious villa, that he was a self-made man who had led his caravans from Siwa to Timbuktu, from Wadai to Algiers, and had fought in a hundred fights for his property and life against the Tebu, Zouaia, Chambaa, Bedouin, and Touareg robbers of the desert. He had indeed fulfilled the Arab saying, '*A man should not sleep on silk until he has walked on sand.*'

Now he exported dates to France, imported cotton goods from Manchester, and was a merchant-prince in Islam. And I had the pleasant feeling that old Ibrahim Maghruf loved me for myself, without *arrière-pensée*, and apart from the value of my reports to Government on the subject of his services, his loyalty, and his influence.

In his house I was safe, and in his hands my secret (that I was a French Intelligence-Officer) was safe; so if, in the maximum of gossip, inquiry and research, I told him the minimum of truth, I told him no untruth whatsoever. He, I believe, responded with the maximum of truth and the minimum of untruth, as between a good Mussulman and a polite, friendly, and useful Hell-doomed Infidel.

Anyhow, my disguise, my *hejin* camels—of the finest breed, brindled, grey-and-white, bluish-eyed, lean, slender greyhounds of the desert, good for a steady ten kilometres an hour—and my carefully selected outfit of necessities, watched night and day by my Soudanese orderly, Djikki, were safe in his charge.

It was on calling at the Vanbrughs' quarters in the big house occupied by Colonel Levasseur, to take Miss Vanbrugh to Sidi Maghruf's, that I first encountered the pretty and piquant 'Maudie,' an artless and refreshing soul. She met me in the veranda, showed me into the drawing-room, and said that Miss Vanbrugh would be ready in half a minute. I wondered if she were as flirtatious as she looked. . . .

Maudie Atkinson, I learned later, was a London girl—a trained parlour-maid who had attracted Miss Vanbrugh's notice and liking by her great courage, coolness and resource on the occasion of a disastrous fire in the English country-house at which Miss Vanbrugh

was visiting. Maudie had been badly burnt in going to the rescue of a fellow-servant, and had then broken an arm in jumping out of a window.

Visiting the girl in the cottage-hospital, and finding that she would be homeless and workless when she left the hospital, Miss Vanbrugh had offered her the post of maid-companion, and, in her democratic American way, treated her much more as companion than maid. . . .

When asked in Paris, by Miss Vanbrugh, if she were willing to accompany her to Africa, Maudie had replied,

'Oh, miss! That's where *the Sheikhs* live, isn't it?' And on being assured that she need not be afraid of falling into the hands of Arabs, had replied,

'Oh, miss! I'd give anything in the world to be carried off by a Sheikh! They *are* such lovely men. I *adores* Sheikhs!'

Further inquiry established the fact of Maudie's belief that Sheikhs were wealthy persons, clad in silken robes, exhaling an odour of attar of roses, residing on the backs of wondrous Arab steeds when not in more wondrous silken tents—slightly sunburnt Young Lochinvars in fact, and, like that gentleman, of most amazingly oncoming disposition; and, albeit deft and delightful, amorous beyond all telling.

'Oh, miss,' had Maudie added, 'they catches you up into their saddles and gallops off with you into the sunset! No good smacking their faces neither, for they don't take "No" for an answer, when they're looking out for a wife. . . .'

'Or wives,' Miss Vanbrugh had observed.

'Not if you're the first, miss. They're true to you. . . . And they fair *burn* your lips with hot kisses, miss.'

'You can do that much for yourself, with hot tea, Maudie. . . . Where did you learn so much about Sheikhs?'

'Oh—I've got a book all about a Sheikh miss. By a lady . . .'

'Wonder whether the fair sob-sister ever left her native shores—or saw all her Sheikhs on the movies, Maudie?' was Miss Vanbrugh's damping reply.

And when she told me all this, I could almost have wished that Maudie's authoress could herself have been carried off by one of the dirty, smelly desert-thieves, lousy, ruffianly and vile, who are much nearer the average 'Sheikh' of fact than are those of the false and vain imaginings of her fiction. . . .

Some Fiction is much stranger than Truth. . . .

The dinner was a huge success, and I am not sure which of the two, Sidi Ibrahim Maghruf or Miss Mary Vanbrugh, enjoyed the other the more.

On my translating Ibrahim's courteous and sonorous, '*Keif halak, Sitt Miriyam!*' 'All that is in this house is yours,' and she had replied,

'What a bright old gentleman! Isn't he too cute and sweet? I certainly should like to kiss him,' and I had translated this as,

'The Sitt admires all that you have and prays that God may make you strong to enjoy it,' we got down to it, and old Ibrahim did his best to do us to death with the noblest and hugest feast by which I was ever defeated. . . .

A gazelle stalked solemnly in from the garden and pattered over the marble floor.

'Major Ivan, it isn't gazelles that Grandpa Maghruf should pet. It's boa-constrictors . . .' groaned Miss Vanbrugh, as the thirty-seventh high-piled dish was laid on the red cloth at our feet. . . .

The feast ended at long last and we got away, surprised at our power to carry our burden, and staggered home through the silent moonlit night, preceded by Dufour and followed by Achmet (my splendid faithful servant, loving and beloved, Allah rest his brave soul!)—and Djikki, for I was taking no chances.

For next day, at an hour before sunset, the good Colonel Levasseur, in his wisdom, had decreed a formal and full-dress parade of the entire garrison, to salute the Flag, and 'to impress the populace.' It seemed to me that he would certainly impress the populace with the fact of the utter inadequacy of his force, and I told him so.

He replied by officiously ordering me to be present, and 'thereby render the garrison adequate to anything.'

The good Levasseur did not like me, and I wondered whether it was on account of Miss Vanbrugh or the fact that he was twenty years my senior and but one grade my superior in rank. . . . Nor did I myself greatly love the good Levasseur, a man very much *du peuple*, with his stubble hair, goggle-eyes, bulbous nose, purple face, and enormous moustache like the curling horns of a buffalo.

But I must be just to the brave Colonel—for he died in Zaguig with a reddened sword in one hand and an emptied revolver in the other, at the head of his splendid Zouaves; and he gave me,

thanks to this officious command of his, some of the best minutes of my life. . . .

Cursing *ce bon* Levasseur, I clattered down the wooden stairs of my billet, in full rig, spurred cavalry-boots and sword and all, out into a narrow stinking lane, turned to the right—and began running as I believe I have never run before or since, not even when I won the senior quarter-mile at Eton—in somewhat more suitable running-kit.

For I had seen a sight which made the blood run cold throughout my body and yet boil in my head.

A woman in white riding-kit, on a big horse, followed by a gang of men, was galloping across an open space.

One of the men, racing level with her and apparently holding to her stirrup with one hand, drove a great knife into her horse's heart with the other, just as she smashed him across the head with her riding-crop.

As the horse lurched and fell, the woman sprang clear and dashed through the open gate of a compound.

It all happened in less time than it takes to tell, and by the time she was through the gate, followed by the Arabs, I was not twenty yards behind.

Mon Dieu! How I ran—and blessed Levasseur's officiousness as I ran—for there was only one woman in Zaguig who rode astride officers' chargers; only one who wore boots and breeches, long coat and white solar-topi.

By the mercy of God I was just in time to see the last of her pursuers vanish up a wooden outside stair that led to the flat roof of a building in this compound—a sort of firewood-and-hay store, now locked up and entirely deserted, like the streets, by reason of the Review.

When I reached the roof, with bursting lungs and dry mouth, I saw Miss Vanbrugh in a corner, her raised riding-crop reversed in her hand, as, with set mouth and protruding chin, she faced the bloodthirsty and bestial fanatics, whom, to my horror, I saw to be armed with swords as well as long knives.

In view of the stringent regulations of the Arms Act, this meant that the inevitable rising and massacre was about to begin, or had already begun.

It was no moment for kid-gloved warfare, nor for the niceties of chivalrous fighting, and I drove my sword through the back of one man who was in the very act of yelling, 'Hack the . . . in

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pieces and throw her to the dogs,' and I cut half-way through the neck of another before it was realised that the flying feet behind them had not been those of a brother.

My rush carried me through to Miss Vanbrugh, and, as I wheeled about, I laid one black throat open to the bone and sent my point through another filthy and ragged *jellabia* in the region of its owner's fifth rib.

And then the rest were on me, and it was parry, and parry, and parry, for dear life, with no chance to do anything else—until suddenly a heavy crop fell crashing on an Arab wrist and I could thrust home as the stricken hand swerved.

Only two remained, and, as I took on my hilt a smashing blow aimed at my head, dropped my point into the brute's face and thrust hard—the while I expected the other man's sword in my side—I was aware, with the tail of my eye, of a pair of white-clad arms flung round a black neck from behind. As the great sword of the disconcerted Arab went wildly up, I sprang sideways, and thrust beneath his arm-pit. . . .

Then I sat me down, panting like a dog, and fought for breath—while from among seven bodies, some yet twitching in the pool of blood, a spouting Thing dragged itself by its fingers and toes towards the stairs. . . . Had I been a true Hero of Romance, I should have struck an attitude, leaning on my dripping sword, and awaited applause. In point of actual fact, I felt sick and shaky.

'The boys seem a little—er—*fresh*,' complained a cool quiet voice, and I looked up from my labours of breath-getting. She was pale, but calm and collected, though splashed with blood from head to foot.

'Some dog-fight, Major Ivan,' she said. 'Are you hurt?'

'No, Miss Vanbrugh,' I answered. 'Scratched and chipped a bit, that's all. . . . Are you all right? . . . You are the coolest and bravest woman I have ever met. . . . You saved my life. . . .'

'Nonsense!' was the reply. 'What about mine? I certainly was in some trouble when you strolled in. . . . And I was *mad* that I couldn't explain to these beauties that this was the first time I had ever come out without my little gun! . . . I could have wept at myself. . . .

'Major, I'm going to be just a bit sick. . . . I've got to go home right now. . . . Steward! *Basin* . . .'

I wiped my sword (and almost kissed it), sheathed it, picked the girl up, and carried her like a baby, straight to my quarters. . . .

That I had heard no rifle-fire nor mob-howling showed that the revolt had not begun. . . .

Achmet was on guard at my door, but Dufour had taken his place at the Review as I had told him.

I laid her on my bed, brought cognac and water, and said, Listen, Miss Vanbrugh. I am going to bring your maid here. Don't you dare go out of this room till I return with her—in fact Achmet won't let you. There's going to be Hell to-night—or sooner—and you'll be safer here than at the Governor's house, until I can get *burkahs* and *barracans* for you and the maid, and smuggle you down to Ibrahim Maghruf's. . . .

'But what about all the pretty soldier-boys—won't they deal with the Arabs?' interrupted the girl.

'Yes, while they're alive to do it,' I replied, and ran off. . . .

Not a soul in the streets! A very bad sign, though fortunate for my immediate purpose of getting Maudie to my quarters unseen.

I had not far to go, and was thankful to find she was at home. Otis Vanbrugh had gone out. I noted that the maid was exhilarated and thrilled rather than frightened and anxious, when I explained that there was likely to be trouble.

'Just like Jenny What's-her-name, the Scotch girl in the Indian Mutiny. . . . You know, sir, the Siege of Lucknow and the bagpipes and all that. . . . I know a bit of po'try about it. . . . Gimme half a mo', sir, and I'll put some things together for Miss Mary. . . . *Lumme!* What a lark!' and as the droll, brave little soul bustled off, I swear she murmured '*Sheikhs!*'

Sheikhs! A lark! *Une escapade!* . . . And suppose the house of Sidi Ibrahim Maghruf was the first that was looted and burnt by a victorious blood-mad mob, as being the house of a rich, renegade friend of the Hell-doomed Infidel? . . .

'Hurry, Maudie,' I shouted, and out she came—her pretty face alight and alive at the anticipation of her 'lark'—with a big portmanteau or suit-case. Taking this, I hurried her at top speed back to the Bab-el-Souq.

'Oh, my *Gord!* Look!' ejaculated poor Maudie as we came to where the slaughtered horse lay in its blackening pool, and a Thing still edged along with toes and fingers, leaving a trail. It must have rolled down those stairs. . . .

Some of the bloom was gone from the 'lark' for the gay little Cockney, and from her bright cheeks too. . . .

For me a stiff cognac and off again, this time to the house of Sidi Ibrahim Maghruf. It was useless to go to Colonel Levasseur yet. I had said all I could say, and he had got all his men—for the moment—precisely where they ought to be, all in one place, under one command; and if the rising came while they were there, so much the better. I would see Sidi Ibrahim Maghruf, and then, borrowing a horse, ride to Levasseur, tell him of the attack on Miss Vanbrugh, assure him that the rising would be that night, and beg him to act accordingly.

Sidi Ibrahim Maghruf's house, as usual, appeared to be deserted, empty and dead. From behind high blind walls rose a high blind house, and from neither of the lanes that passed the place could a window be seen. My private and particular knock with my sword-hilt—two heavy, two light, and two heavy—brought a trembling ancient to the iron-plated wicket in the tremendously heavy door. It was good old Ali Mansur.

I stepped inside and the old mummy, whose eye was still bright and wits keen, gave me a message which I doubt not was word for word as his master and owner had delivered it to him.

'Ya, Sidi, the Protection of the Prophet and the Favour of Allah upon Your Honour's head. My Master has been suddenly called away upon a journey to a far place, and this slave is alone here with Djikki, the Soudanese soldier. This slave is to render faithful account to Your Excellency of his property in the camel-sacks; and Djikki, the Soudanese, is ready with the beautiful camels. The house of my Master, and all that is in it, is at the disposal of the Sidi, and these words of my Master are for the Sidi's ear. '*Jackals and hyenas enter the cave of the absent lion to steal his meat!*' . . .

Quite so. The wily Ibrahim knew more than he had said. He had cleared out in time, taking his family and money, until after the massacre of the tiny garrison and the subsequent looting was over, the town had been recaptured, a sharp lesson taught it, and an adequate garrison installed. . . . There is a time to run like the hare and a time to hunt with the hounds.

No—this would be no place to which to bring the two women.

I ordered the ancient Ali to tell Djikki to saddle me a horse quickly, and then to fetch me any women's clothing he could find—*tobhs, aabaïas, foutas, guenaders, haïks, lougas, melah'af, mendilat, roba, sederiya, hezaam, barracan*—any mortal thing he could produce, of female attire.

My big Soudanese, Private Djikki, grinning all over his hideous

face, brought the horse from the huge stables in the big compound, reserved for camels, asses, mules, well-bullocks, milch-cows and goats, and I once again gave him the strictest orders to have everything absolutely ready for a desert journey, at ten minutes' notice.

'It always is, Sidi,' he grinned. 'On my head and my life be it.'

There are times when I love these huge, fierce, staunch Soudanese, childish and lazy as they are. I had particular reason to love this one. They are like coal-black English bull-dogs—if there are such things.

I again told him where to take the camels and baggage, by way of the other gate, if the mob attacked the house.

The ancient returning with the bundle of clothing, I bade Djikki run with it to my quarters and give it to his old pal Achmet, and to come back at once.

I then mounted and rode off through the strangely silent town, to where Colonel Levasseur was holding his futile parade in the vast market-square—a poor handful consisting of his 3rd Zouaves, a company of *Tirailleurs Algériens*—possibly none too loyal when the Cry of the Faith went up and the Mullahs poured forth from the mosques to head a Holy War—and a half-squadron of *Chasseurs d'Afrique*. What were these against a hundred thousand fanatics, each anxious to attain remission of sins, and Paradise, by the slaying of an Infidel, a *giaour*, a *meleccha*, a dog whose mere existence was an affront and an offence to the One God?

There should have been a strong brigade and a battery of artillery in the place. . . .

The old story of the work of the soldier ruined by the hand of the politician—not to mention the subject of mere lives of men. . . .

A dense and silent throng watched the review, every house-top crowded, every balcony filled, though no women were visible, and you could have walked on the heads of the people in the Square and in every street and lane leading to the Square, save four, at the ends of which Levasseur had placed pickets—for the easier scattering of his little force after the parade finished!

By one of these empty streets I rode, and through an ocean of sullen faces, to where the Governor sat his horse, his *officier d'ordonnance* behind him, with a bugler and a four of Zouave drummers.

The band of the 3rd Zouaves was playing the *Marseillaise*, and I wondered if its wild strains bore any message to the silent thousands who watched motionless, save when their eyes turned

expectantly to the minaret of the principal mosque. . . . To the minaret. . . . Expectantly ? . . . Of course !

It was from there that the signal would come. On to that high-perched balcony, like a swallow's nest on that lofty tower, the *muezzin* would step at sunset. The deep diapason of his wonderful voice would boom forth the *shehada*, the Moslem profession of faith, '*Ash hadu illa illaha ill Allah, wa ash inna Mohammed an rasul Allah*'; he would recite the *mogh'reb* prayer, and then—then he would raise his arms to Allah and call curses on the Infidel ; his voice would break into a scream of '*Kill ! Kill !*' and from beneath every dirty *jellabia* would come sword and knife, from every house-top a blast of musketry. . . . I could see it all. . . .

'You are late, Major,' growled the Governor, accusingly and offensively, as I rode up.

'I am, Colonel,' I agreed, 'but I am alive. Which none of us will be in a few hours unless you'll take my advice and expect to be attacked at odds of a hundred to one, in an hour's time.' And I told him of Miss Vanbrugh's experience.

'Oh, you Intelligence people and your mares'-nests ! A gang of rude little street-boys, I expect !' laughed this wise man ; and ten minutes later he dismissed the parade—the men marching off in five detachments, to the four chief gates of the city and to the Colonel's own headquarters respectively. As the troops left the Square, the mob, still silent, closed in, and every eye was turned unwaveringly to the minaret of the mosque. . . .

I rode back towards my quarters, cudgelling my brains as to the best thing to do with the two girls. The Governor's house would be in the thick of the fighting, and it was more than probable that Ibrahim Maghruf's house would be looted and burnt. Yes, they would perhaps be safest in my quarters, in Arab dress, with Achmet to defend them with tongue and weapons. . . . I had better send for Otis Vanbrugh too, and give him a chance to save himself—if he'd listen to reason—and to look after his sister. . . . But my house was known as the habitation of a *Franzawi* officer. . . . And I myself would be in an awkward dilemma, for it was no part of my duty to get killed in the gutters of Zaguig when my uncle was relying on me to be setting off on the job of my life—that should crown the work of *his*. Nor was it any part of my inclination to sit cowering in an upper back room with two women and a civilian, while my comrades fought their last fight. . . . Hell ! . . .

As I swung myself down from my horse, by the door in the lane

at the back of my house, I was conscious of a very filthy and ragged Arab, squatting against the wall on a piece of foul old horse-blanket, his staff, begging-bowl, and rosary beside him. He begged and held out his hand, quavering for alms in the name of Allah, the Merciful, the Compassionate—' *Bismillah arahman arahmim!* ' in Arabic—and in French, ' *Start at once!* '

The creature's eyes were bloodshot and red-rimmed, his mangily-bearded cheeks were gaunt and hollow, his ribs showed separate and ridged through the rents on his foul *jellabia*, and a wisp of rag failed to cover his dusty shaggy hair. And at the third stare I saw that it was my friend, the beautiful and smart Captain Raoul d'Auray de Redon.

I winked at him, led my horse to the stable on the other side of the courtyard, and ran up the wooden stair at the back of the house. . . . So it had come! I thought of my uncle's letter and the underlined words—' *be gone in the same hour.* '

I tore off my uniform, pulled on my Arab kit, the dress of a good-class Bedouin, complete from *agal*-bound *kafiyeh* to red-leather *fil-fil* boots—and, as I did this and rubbed dye into my face and hands, I thought of a dozen things at once—and chiefly of the fate of the girls. I could not leave them alone in this empty house, and it would be delivering them to death to take them back to the Governor's villa. . . .

I shouted for Achmet and learned that he had given the Arab clothing to Miss Vanbrugh.

'Run to the house of His Excellency the Governor, and tell the Roumi Americani lord, Vanbrugh, the brother of the Sitt Miriyam Vanbrugh, to come here in greatest haste. Tell him the Sitt is in danger here. Go on the horse that is below, and give it to the Americani. . . . '

This was ghastly! I should be *escaping in disguise* from Zaguig, at the very time my brothers-in-arms were fighting for their lives. . . . I should be leaving Mary Vanbrugh to death, or worse than death. . . .

I ran down the stairs again and glanced round the courtyard, beckoning to Raoul, who was now sitting just inside the gate. Turning back, I snatched up a cold chicken and a loaf from my larder and, followed by Raoul, hurried back to my room to make a bundle of my uniform. Wringing Raoul's hand, I told him to talk while he ate and I worked. He told me all about the Emir upstart and about the guide, as he drew a route on my map.

'The tribes are up, all round the north-west of here,' he said

later, 'and hurrying in. It's for sunset this evening—as I suppose you have found out. . . .'

'Yes—and warned Levasseur. . . . He's besotted. . . . Says they'd never dare do anything while *he* and his Zouaves are here! And he's got them scattered in small detachments—and, Raoul, there are two *white* girls here. . . .'

'Where?' interrupted my friend.

'In the next room,' I answered, and hurriedly told him about them.

'God help them,' he said. 'They'll be *alone* in an hour. . . .'

'What are you going to do?' I asked. 'Are you to come with me?'

'No—the General doesn't want us both killed by this Emir lad, he says. And he thinks you're the man to pull it off, now that poor de Lannec's gone. . . . I confess I begged him to let me go, as it was I who brought him confirmation of the news. . . . He said it was your right to have the chance, Henri, on your seniority as well as your record, apart from the fact that you'd handle the situation better than I. . . . Said it was such almost-certain death, too, that he'd prefer to send his own nephew! . . . I nearly wept, old chap, but he was absolutely right. You *are* the man. . . .'

Noble loyal soul! Steel-true and generous—knowing not the very name of jealousy. He gave me every ounce of help, information and guidance that it lay in his power to do.

'No—I'm not even to come with you, Henri. . . . I shall join the mob here and lead them all over the shop on false scents. Confuse their councils and start rumours that there's a big French army at the gates, and so on. . . . Then I'll get back with the news of what's happened here. . . . There's one thing—it'll strengthen the General's hand and get more troops into Africa, so poor Levasseur and his men won't have. . . .'

There came a bang at the door. Raoul crouched in a dark corner, and Otis Vanbrugh burst in, followed by Achmet.

'Where's my sister!' he shouted, looking wildly round and seeing two Arabs, as he thought.

'I am Major de Beaujolais, Mr. Vanbrugh,' said I. 'Your sister and her maid are in the next room—putting on Arab dress. There will be a raising this evening and a massacre. . . . The worst place for you and your sister will be the Governor's house. Will you hide here until it's over—and try to keep alive somehow until the French troops arrive? Levasseur will start telegraphing the moment fighting begins, but it'll be a matter of days before they

can get here—even if the wires aren't cut already—and you and the two girls will be the sole living white people in the city. . . . If you don't starve and aren't discovered. . . . Anyhow, your only chance is to hide here with the girls. . . .'

'Hide be nothing, sir!' burst out Vanbrugh. 'I shall fight alongside my host and his men.'

'And your sister?' I asked.

'She'll fight too. Good as a man, with a gun.'

'And when the end comes?' I said gently.

'Isn't there a chance?' he asked.

'Not the shadow of a ghost of a chance,' I said. 'Five little scattered detachments—each against ten thousand! They'll be smothered by sheer numbers. . . . And you haven't seen an African mob out for massacre and loot. . . .'

'Let's talk to my sister,' he answered, and dashed out of the room.

'*Un brave*,' said Raoul as we followed.

He was—and yet he was a gentle, refined and scholarly person, an ascetic-looking bookman and ornament of Chancellories. I had thought of James Lane Allen and 'Kentucky Cardinals,' for some reason, when I first met him. He had the eyes and forehead of a dreaming philosopher—but he had the mouth and chin of a man. . . .

In the next room were two convincing Arab females each peering at us through the muslin-covered slit in the all-enveloping *bourkah* that covered her from head to foot.

'Say, Otis, what d'you know about *that*?' said one of the figures, and spun round on her heel.

'Oh, sir,' said the other, '*isn't* it a lark! Oh, *Sheikhs*!'

'Oh, Shucks! you mean,' replied Vanbrugh, and hastily laid the situation before his sister.

'And what does Major Ivan say?' inquired she. 'I think we'd better go with him. . . . Doesn't he look cunning in his Arab glad rags?'

I think I should have turned pale but for my Arab dye.

'I'm leaving Zaguig at once,' I said.

'Not *escaping*?' she asked.

'I am leaving Zaguig at once,' I repeated.

'Major de Beaujolais has just received dispatches,' said Raoul in English, 'and has to go.'

'How *very* convenient for the Major!' replied Mary Vanbrugh. . . . 'And who's *this* nobleman, anyway, might one ask?'

'Let me present Captain Raoul d'Auray de Redon,' said I, indicating the filthy beggar.

'Well, don't present him too close. . . . Pleased to meet you, Captain. You *escaping* too?'

'No, Mademoiselle, I am not escaping,' said Raoul, and added, 'Neither is Major de Beaujolais. He is going on duty, infinitely against his will at such a time. But he's also going to dangers quite as great as those in Zaguig at this moment. . . .'

I could have embraced my friend.

Miss Vanbrugh considered this.

'Then, I think perhaps I'll go with him,' she said. 'Come on, Maudie. Grab the grip. . . . I suppose you'll stay and fight, Otis? Good-bye, dear old boy, take care of yourself . . . ' and she threw her arms round her brother's neck.

'*Mon Dieu*, what a girl!' Raoul laughed.

'You have heard of the frying-pan and the fire, Miss Vanbrugh?' I began.

'Yes, and of pots and pans and cabbages and kings. I'm quite tired of this gay city, anyway, and I'm coming along to see this Where-is-it place. . . .'

Vanbrugh turned to me.

'For God's sake take her,' he said, 'and Maudie too.'

'Oh, *yes*, sir,' said Maudie, thinking doubtless of Sheikhs.

'Why—surely,' chimed in Miss Vanbrugh. 'Think of Major Ivan's good name. . . . He *must* be chaperoned.'

'I'm sorry, Vanbrugh,' I said. 'I can't take your sister. . . . I'm going on a Secret Service mission—of the greatest importance and the greatest danger. . . . My instructions are to go as nearly alone as is possible—and I'm only taking three natives and a white subordinate as guide, camel-man and cook and so forth. . . . It's *impossible* . . . '

(No *de Lannec* follies for Henri de Beaujolais!)

But he drew me aside and whispered, 'Good God, man, I'm her brother! I *can't* shoot her at the last. You are a stranger. . . . There is a *chance* for her, surely, with you. . . .'

'Impossible,' I replied.

Some one came up the stair and to the door. It was Dufour in Arab dress. He had hurried back and changed, in his quarters. 'We should be out of this in a few minutes, sir, I think,' he said. 'They are only waiting for the muezzin. Hundreds followed each detachment to the gates. . . .'

'We *shall* be out of it in a few minutes, Dufour,' I answered.

'Get down to Ibrahim Maghruf's. Take Achmet. Don't forget anything—food, water, rifles, ammunition, compasses. See that Achmet takes my uniform. . . . I'll be there in ten minutes.'

'Let the gentle Achmet take the grip, then,' said Miss Vanbrugh, indicating her portmanteau.

Raoul touched my arm.

'Take the two girls in a *bassourab*,' he whispered. 'It would add to your plausibility, in a way, to have a *hareem* with you. . . . You might be able to hand them over to a north-bound caravan too, with promise of a tremendous reward if they're taken safe to a French outpost.'

'Look here, couldn't Vanbrugh ride north-west with them himself?' I suggested. 'He's a plucky chap and . . .'

'And can't speak a word of Arabic. Not a ghost of a chance—the country's swarming, I tell you. They wouldn't get a mile. Too late . . .'

'Wouldn't you . . .?' I began.

'Stop it, Henri,' he answered. 'I'm not de Lannec. . . . My job's here, and you know it. . . . I may be able to do a lot of good when they get going. Mobs always follow anybody who's got a definite plan and a loud voice and bloody-minded urgings. . . .'

'De Beaujolais—what can I say—I *implore* you . . .' began Vanbrugh.

'Very well,' I said. 'On the distinct understanding that I take no responsibility for Miss Vanbrugh, that she realises what she is doing, and that I shall not deviate a hair's breadth from what I consider my duty. . . . Not to save her from death or torture. . . .'

There could be no harm in my taking her out of the massacre—but neither was I a de Lannec!

'Oh, Major! you *are* so pressing. . . . Come on, Maudie, we're going from certain death to sure destruction, so cheer up, child, and let's get busy . . .' said the girl.

I turned away as Vanbrugh crushed his sister to his breast, and with a last look round the room, I led the way down the stairs, and out into the deserted silent street, my ears tingling for the first mob-howl, the first rifle-shot.

That poor unworthy fool, de Lannec! . . .

(To be continued.)

LITERARY ACROSTICS.

THE tenth series of Literary Acrostics begins with No. 37, printed below, and will run for four months. Prizes to the value of at least £3 will be awarded to the most successful solvers. There will also be consolation prizes, two or more in number: the winners of these will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. And, further, every month a similar prize of books will be awarded to the sender of the correct solution that is first opened.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 37.

(The First of the Series.)

- 'Full many a —— is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the —— air.'
1. 'There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the ——, leads on to fortune.'
 2. 'We carved not a ——, and we raised not a stone.'
 3. 'Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat.'
 4. 'Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the ——,
Fast by their native shore.'
 5. 'Still grasping in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,
—— !'
 6. 'It is the little —— within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.'

RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed on p. viii of 'Book Notes.'

4. At the foot of his answer every solver must write his pseudonym (consisting of one word), and nothing else. His name and address should be written at the back.

5. Solvers must on no account write either the quotations or the references on the same paper as their answers. It is not necessary, or even desirable, to send them at all.

6. Solvers who write a second letter, to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.

7. Answers to Acrostic No. 37 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50A Albemarle Street, London, W. 1, and must arrive not later than March 20.

POEM: Tennyson, *The Brook*.

LIGHTS:

ANSWER TO No. 36.

1. S	candalou	S
2. K	ickaha	W
3. I	sidor	A
4. M	edicina	L
5. M	arine	L
6. I	ll	O
7. N	arro	W
8. G	abie	S

1. Goldsmith, *She Stoops to Conquer*, ii.
2. Shelley, *Oedipus Tyrannus*, ii., 2.
3. Christina Rossetti, *Isidora*.
4. Dryden, *Threnodia Augustalis*, v.
5. Scott, *The Bridal of Triermain*, iii., 26.
6. Coleridge, *The Piccolomini*, ii., 14.
7. R. Browning, *Never the Time and the Place*.
8. Stevenson, *A Child's Garden of Verses*. Good and Bad Children.

Acrostic No. 35 ('Course Smooth'): Answers were received from 119 solvers, of whom 33 were correct and 84 partly correct, while one gave no pseudonym, and one ignored Rule 5. The chief difficulties were in the second and third lights.

The monthly prize is won by 'Timaru,' whose answer was the first correct one opened. Mrs. Longden, 37 Marlborough Road, Bournemouth West, is entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue.

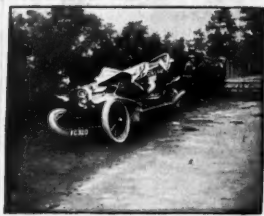
Competitors are requested not to send pins, clips, or other paper-fasteners; their coupons do not require to be affixed in any way. A half-sheet of notepaper is best for answers; flimsy paper and big sheets are both undesirable.

The Acrostic Editor would like once more to impress on solvers the importance of reading and conforming to the rules. Some twelve or fifteen competitors are unwilling to accede to his request, printed above, especially in the matter of using thin paper and big sheets: their unwillingness adds to his labours, though it carries no penalties. The one or two solvers who generally ignore the first sentence of Rule 4 or of Rule 5 disqualify their answers.

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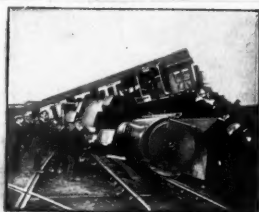
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